

PHOTOPLAY

DORIS DAY

20¢

Are
MARTIN and LEWIS
Breaking Up?

THE TRUE STORY

Bob Wagner's
Complete
Life Story

Fabulous
Jean Simmons
is revealed by
JEDDA HOPPER



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PHOTOPLAY

JULY, 1954

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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JULY, 1954

VOL. 46, NO. 1

PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Harold A. Wise, Chairman of the Board; Irving S. Manheimer, President; Fred R. Sammis, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, Canada \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 per year all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope or with sufficient return postage will be returned. FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President. Re-entered as Second Class Matter, May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1954 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.

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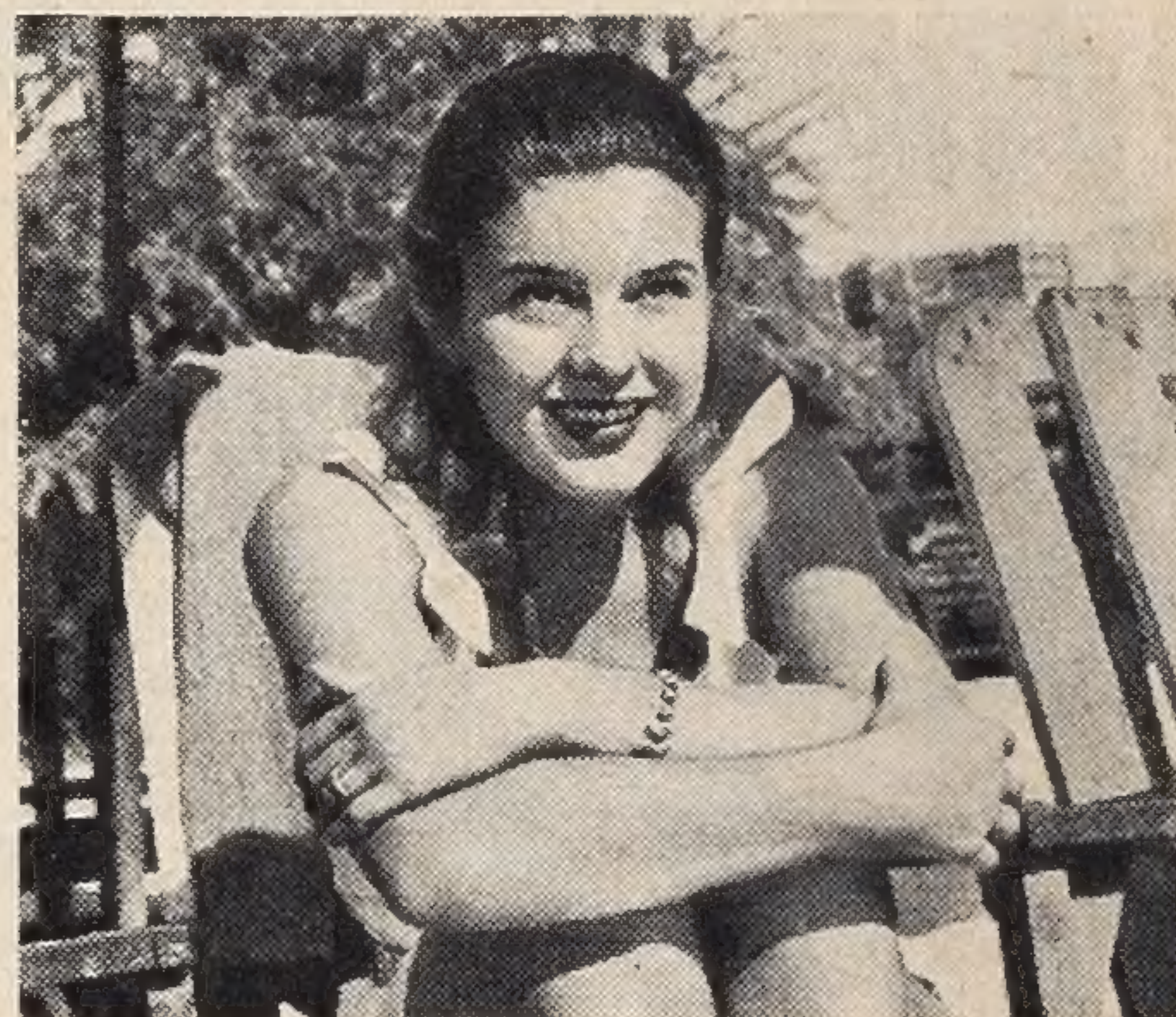


A Rome romance for Audrey?



Pier Angeli will be making beauty news

BY
FLORABEL MUIR



Jean Peters no longer wants to be alone

ABOUT HOW Pier Angeli, the beautiful foreign import, is getting the treatment from Gene Tierney's ex, Oleg Cassini, famous clothes designer. Pier's new look began to be noticeable in Hollywood last winter when Oleg was seeing her behind the scenes, so to speak. Oleg is the man who taught Gene the hows and wherefores of clothes styling. Look for Pier and Oleg to make news.

And one other couple who may inspire headlines any minute—Joan Crawford and Jennings Lang. Joan is frankly aglow when she appears, more and more frequently on the arm of the tall MCA agent. Little wonder that the gossips now look upon all of her other escorts as mere camouflage.

The betting around Hollywood is no longer whether Gene will loop her bridle—should that be bridal?—over Aly's neck, but how long she'll be able to keep it cinched on. And most insiders will give you eight to ten, or

better, that she'll be able to stick longer than her predecessor Rita Hayworth did.

With Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn due to be meeting in Rome around mid-July, Hollywood's whispering of news in the making. Even though some of Audrey's close pals, including her Mom, are frowning.

The way Hollywood's current younger-set trade guys and dolls from eve to eve is very confusing to on-lookers. . . . Betty Hutton and Charlie O'Curran could be a midsummer melting. They haven't got very close together on get-together. And Betty's now being shepherded by a new press relations man not of Charlie's choosing, a wrong symptom.

And about Jean Peters, who seems to be back in circulation with Bob Wagner. She attended the "Prince Valiant" preem with him.

IT'S MR. FUN... AT HIS FUNNIEST!

DANNY KAYE



THE HAPPIEST
EVENT OF THE YEAR!

Danny sings, clowns, and
dances at the top of his form!

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

in

KNOCK ON WOOD

Co-starring

MAI ZETTERLING

Choreography by Michael Kidd

Words and Music by
SYLVIA FINE · NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK

A Paramount Picture



New sure way to
**LOVELIER
HANDS**
IN ONLY 9 DAYS

(unretouched
photo)



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Skin dried out from
**SOAPS AND
DETERGENTS!**

**2. Protect with
PLAYTEX
GLAMOROUS
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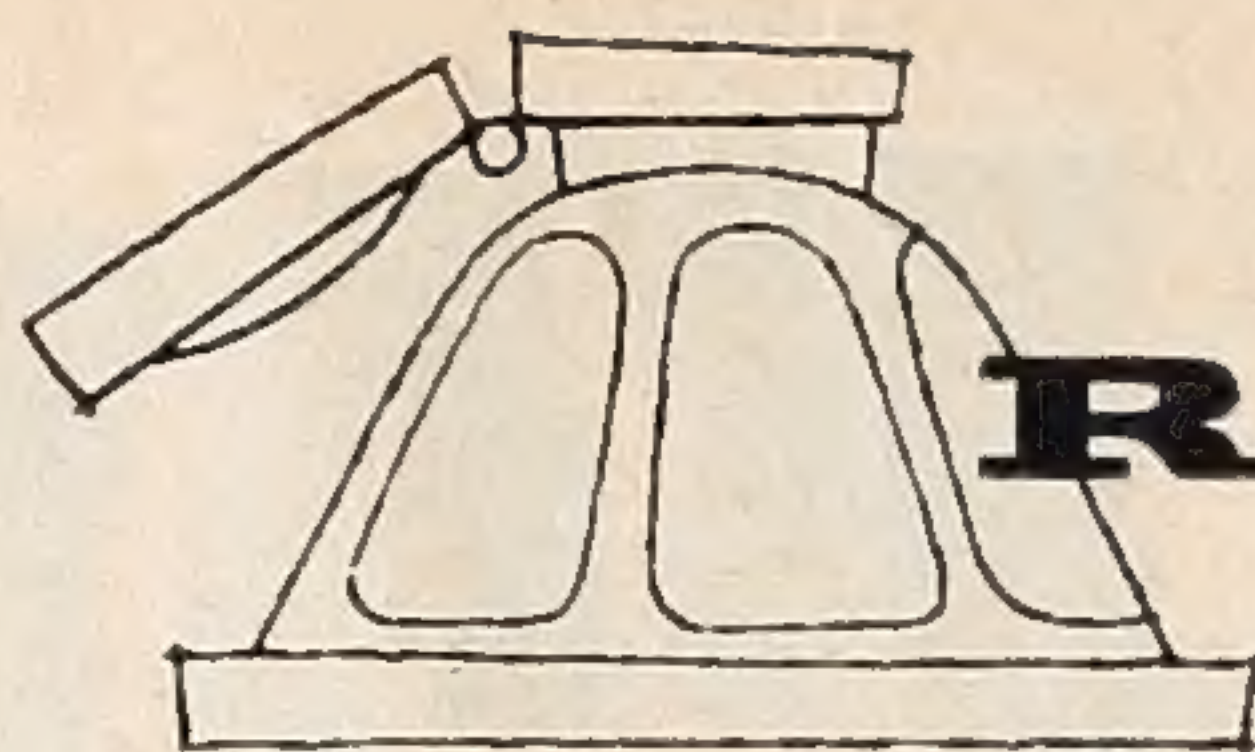
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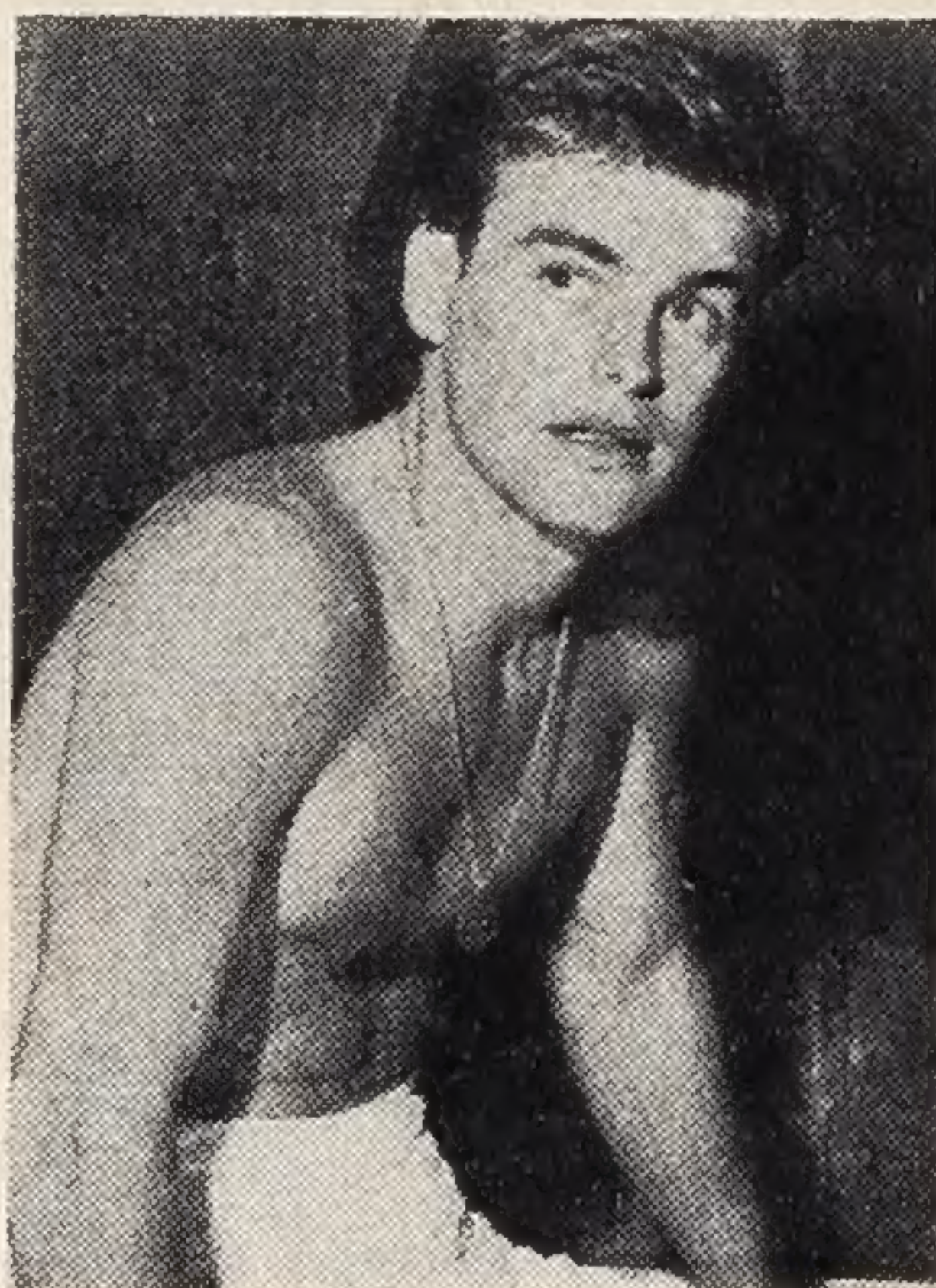


READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

I was at the "Prince Valiant" premiere when a friend walked up to me and shook my hand. "R. J., you've arrived," he said. "You're a big star now."

I'll agree that "Valiant" was the break of a lifetime. But as for the business of "arriving"—well, when I look at guys like Tracy and Gable and Ladd; *then* I see stars. Then I know what stardom really means and that I'm just getting started.



Bob's not taking any chances

I suppose I've always been inclined to worry. When I first got into pictures I kept thinking, "I can't be a newcomer forever. Next year someone else will come along and take my place. I have to keep moving up the ladder." I wondered what would happen. An actor has to have pictures. Good pictures. And he has to do his best to be worthy of them—or there'll be no more. That means hard work and study—and it never stops.

I've been lucky. And Fox has been great to me. They're giving me those pictures—"12-Mile Reef," "Prince Valiant," and now "Broken Lance." But I guess I'll always do a bit of worrying. I still have a long way to go and a lot to learn. And I'm well aware of the fact!

BOB WAGNER

It just gripes my soul to hear that 20th Century-Fox has let a wonderful star like Betty Grable go.

She has a better voice than Marilyn Monroe, a better figure and prettier legs than anyone else, and I'm sure that in the future 20th will see their mistake.

MARY LOU CARUTHERS
Baytown, Texas

I just saw "She's Back on Broadway" and thought Steve Cochran was terrific. Since Hollywood insists he is their biggest wolf and a perennial playboy, why not cast him in more roles of this type?

Incidentally, when someone handles the leading male role as well as he did, why not give him top billing instead of having to look at the bottom of the billboards to find his name in small print? I didn't even know he was in the picture until I got inside the theatre.

BUNNY NEITHARD
Montreal, Quebec

Tonight I had the honor of seeing the world premiere of Paramount's new kind of western, "Red Garters," and I've never seen a show that held everyone so spell-bound in my life. I tip my hat to the whole darn cast for a terrific show.

Pat Crowley, Guy Mitchell, Frank Faylen, Buddy Ebsen and Gene Barry were here and got a wild and royal Austin welcome. Sorry Rosemary Clooney and Jack Carson had to miss it.

BILL WILSON
Austin, Texas

I am willing to bet Steve Forrest will be the biggest name in 1954. I was amazed at his poise and ability in "So Big." He had some expert competition but he held his own and made the picture very exciting for me.

MRS. ANNE E. HELLER
East Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

In the latest pictures we have seen with Gene Nelson, he has always come out second-best. We would like to see him in a picture in which he gets the leading girl. He has more talent than most of the current leading men, and he can sing almost as well as he can dance.

BARBARA M.
ETHEL P.
Tarentum, Pennsylvania

CASTING:

"The Robe" was so perfect I hope 20th will now make "The Silver Chalice," again starring Richard Burton.

BARBARA SPAULDING
Rye, New Hampshire
Warners will make "Chalice," with Virginia Mayo and Jack Palance.—ED.



Heavenly role for Katie

How I'd love to see a remake of "I Married an Angel," with either June Haver or Kathryn Grayson!

And why hasn't anyone thought of co-starring Jane Russell and Steve Cochran?

LOLA DOBBERSTINE
St. Joseph, Missouri

Some friends and I . . . would like to see Leslie White Turner's book "The Highland Hawk" made into a picture starring Richard Greene as *Davy Dugal*.

CAMILA CASTELL
Mexico, D. F.

(Continued on page 36)

THEY MEET ON AN ADVENTURE THAT SPANS THE 2400 MILES FROM HONOLULU TO SAN FRANCISCO BAY. OUT OF THIS MEETING OF STRANGERS COMES ENTERTAINMENT HISTORY, THE STORY OF EVERY KIND OF LOVE THERE IS!

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WILLIAM A. WELLMAN'S

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IN
CINEMASCOPE
AND
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DAVID BRIAN

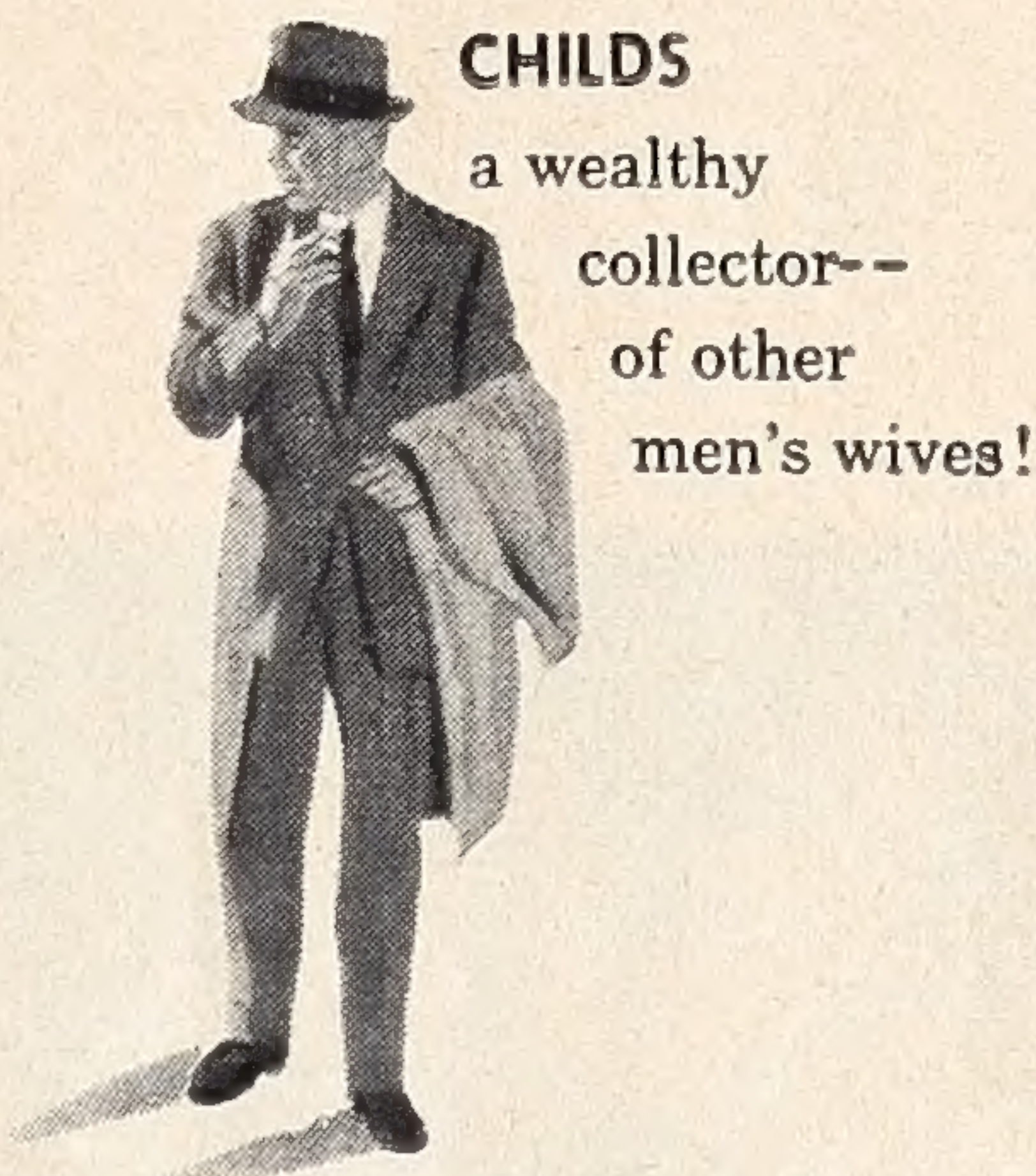
WITH PAUL KELLY · SIDNEY BLACKMER · AND INTRODUCING DOE AVEDON · KAREN SHARPE · JOHN SMITH

Screen Play by ERNEST K. GANN · A WAYNE-FELLOWS PRODUCTION · Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

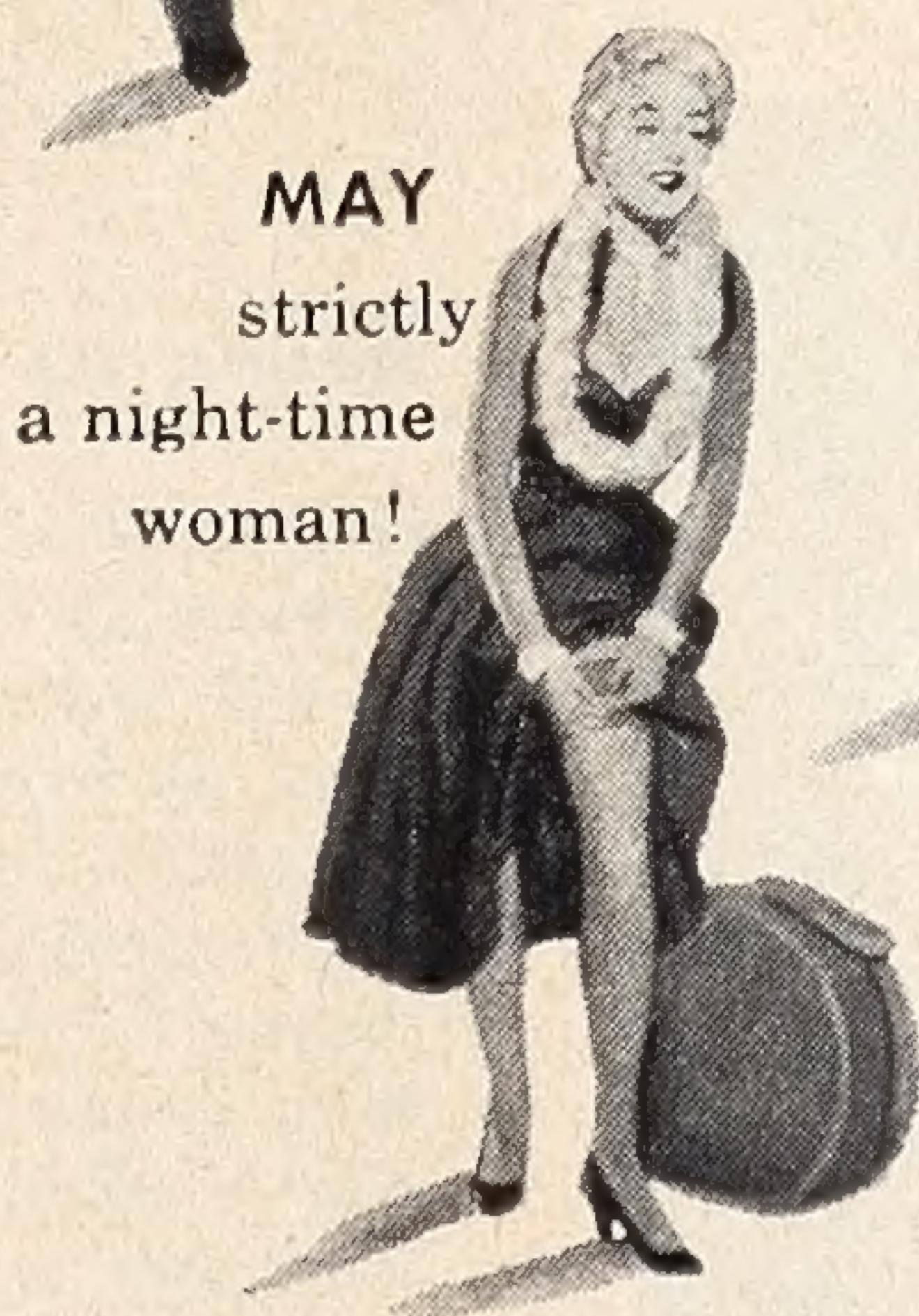
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LYDIA
who was
as low as
high society
could get!



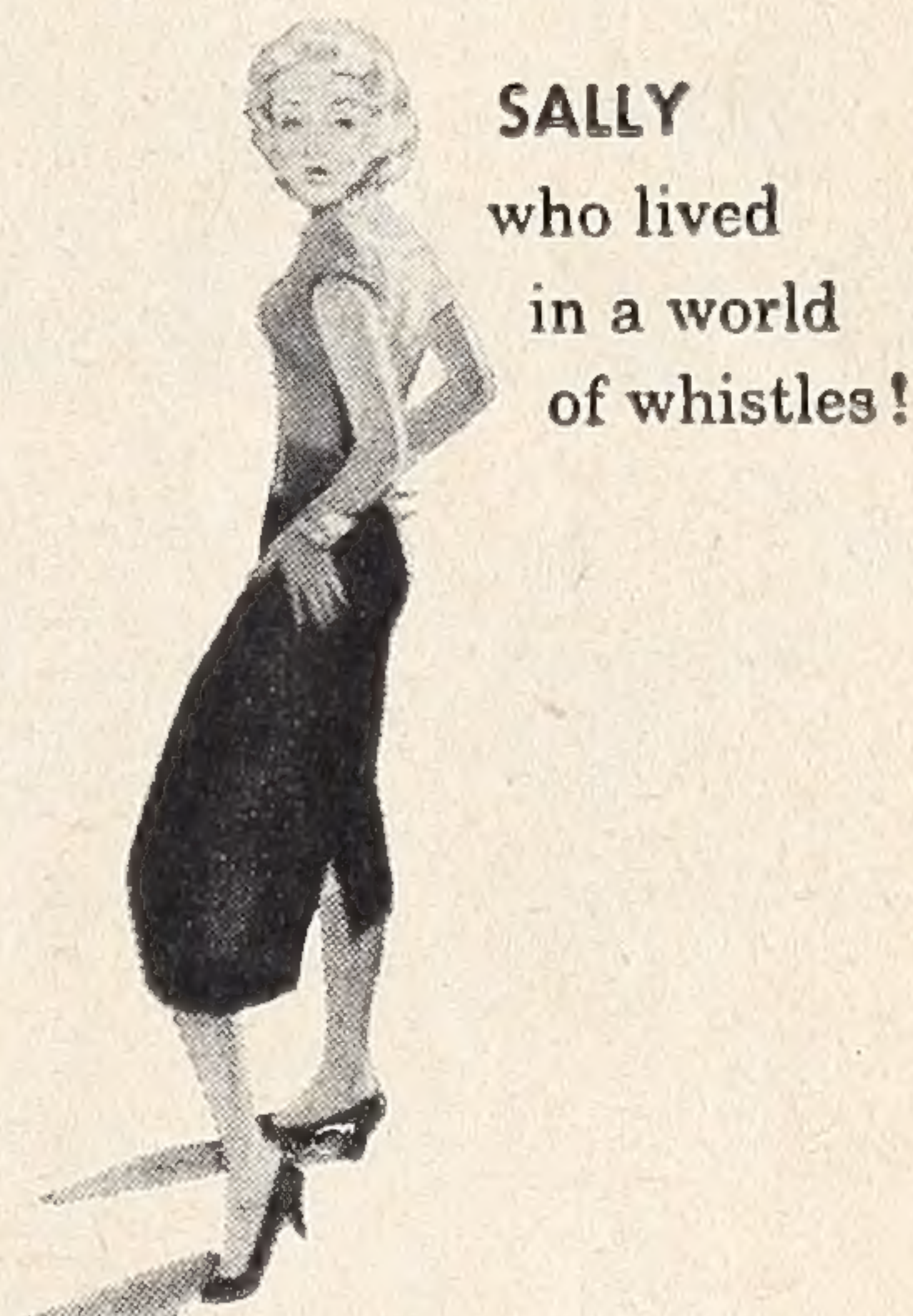
CHILDS
a wealthy
collector--
of other
men's wives!



MAY
strictly
a night-time
woman!



NELL still burning
with honeymoon
fever!



SALLY
who lived
in a world
of whistles!



DAN who had
used up his
nine lives, and
was starting
on ten!

EVERY
SEARING
MOMENT
OF THE
TWO-YEAR
BEST-SELLER!

LET'S GO TO

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



Best Acting: Robert Mitchum

River of No Return 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ It's hard to imagine any scenic attraction overshadowing Marilyn Monroe, but the Canadian Rockies do in this ripsnorting adventure tale of Northwestern wilderness. In her dance-hall-gal costumes, Marilyn is a spectacular sight, but the vistas of mighty mountains in shifting colors steal the movie. As a stubborn farmer immune to the gold fever then raging, Bob Mitchum's the very model of a tough action hero. When Marilyn's lover, gambler Rory Calhoun, steals Bob's rifle and horse, the farmer and his little son (Tommy Rettig) are left defenseless, with Indian raids threatening. Also in peril, Marilyn accompanies the pair on a raft voyage downriver after the thief. Raging rapids, desperadoes, flying arrows and changing emotions keep excitement high.

FAMILY

Bob's "objection" breaks up Marilyn's dance-hall routine



Man with a Million RANK, U.A.; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Switching to comedy, Gregory Peck stars in a bit of whimsy that has considerable malice in its laughter. Based on a Mark Twain story and filmed in England, it casts Greg as a Yankee stranded and starving in London around 1900. He's rescued by two eccentric brothers who have a bet on. One contends that a man can get along as well by seeming rich as by actually being rich. They lend Greg a million-pound bank note and promise him a good job if he can live well for a month—*without* breaking the note. The trick works. All he has to do is flash the dazzling piece of paper money and he's granted unlimited credit, fawned on everywhere. But finally the deception causes trouble, hampering his romance with a pretty aristocrat (Jane Griffiths). Satire edges many scenes.

FAMILY

A supposed millionaire, Greg woos high-born Jane Griffiths



Them! WARNERS

✓✓✓ The latest science-fiction thriller offers an extra measure of creeps; but, like the best of its breed, it's told in a crisp, matter-of-fact manner. A series of mysterious deaths in the New Mexico desert brings both the law and science on the scene to investigate. State cop James Whitmore and G-man James Arness must call on scientists Edmund Gwenn and Joan Weldon for help. From the tracks of the murderous monsters, it's deduced that a horrible new species has cropped up in the insect world. Radiations from the first A-bomb experiment have so affected the lowly desert ant that, in the years and ant generations since, creatures ten feet long have been produced. While coping efficiently with the menace, Arness and Joan find a moment or two for love. But the picture concentrates on chills.

FAMILY

Eerie sounds warn Jim Arness and Joan Weldon of danger

THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

Playgirl

U-1

✓✓ Shelley Winters has a show-piece of a role in this lurid exposé of a big city's night life. She's really giving two separate performances, since her character, like the movie itself, suddenly takes a different direction midway. At first, she's a wisecracking night-club singer, sharing her apartment with an innocent youngster newly arrived in New York. Colleen Miller, fresh-faced and dark-haired, makes a good impression in this, her first leading role. Advised by Shelley and aided by their neighbor Gregg Palmer, she gets off to a fast start as a model. Meantime, Shelley's involved in a long-time affair with a married man, Barry Sullivan. Level-headed and sharp-witted to start with, she goes emotional as the film shifts gears to wind up in melodrama, gunplay and hints of vice.

ADULT

Gregg and Shelley give Colleen Miller tips on popularity



Hell Below Zero

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Against the fascinating background of the present-day whaling industry, Alan Ladd tackles an unusual sort of mystery. He's a drifter who signs on as first mate of a whaler bound for the Antarctic. Also aboard are Joan Tetzel, daughter of a former owner of the company, and Basil Sydney, her late father's partner. Both suspect that her father's death on the preceding trip was no accident. Alan's sleuthing is climaxed in a battle on the ice floes, and there's also a triangle involving him with Joan and Stanley Baker, Sydney's arrogant son. But the chief interest of the picture lies in the authentic shots obtained by a camera crew in the Antarctic: the processing of whale carcasses on the big, ungainly factory ship; harpooners at work on small, fast boats.

FAMILY

Sub-zero weather can't cool off Joan Tetzel's love for Alan



Lucky Me

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ It's up to Doris Day to carry this musical to success, and she responds nobly, singing its not too notable songs and going through the paces of its plot with irresistible gusto. When a stage revue folds in Florida, she and her fellow troupers are left penniless. Thanks to the inefficient conniving of the head man, Phil Silvers, the stars of the show find themselves slaving away in a hotel kitchen. However, song-writer Robert Cummings happens to be a guest at the hotel, planning a big Broadway musical. The stranded show people see their chance—all except Doris, who has fallen in love with Bob with no ulterior motives, not realizing who he is. Comics Silvers, Nancy Walker and Eddie Foy, Jr., get opportunity only in a couple of bright song-and-dance routines.

FAMILY

Freed from kitchen drudgery, Doris goes stepping with Bob



More reviews on page 24

BY
SIDNEY SKOLSKY

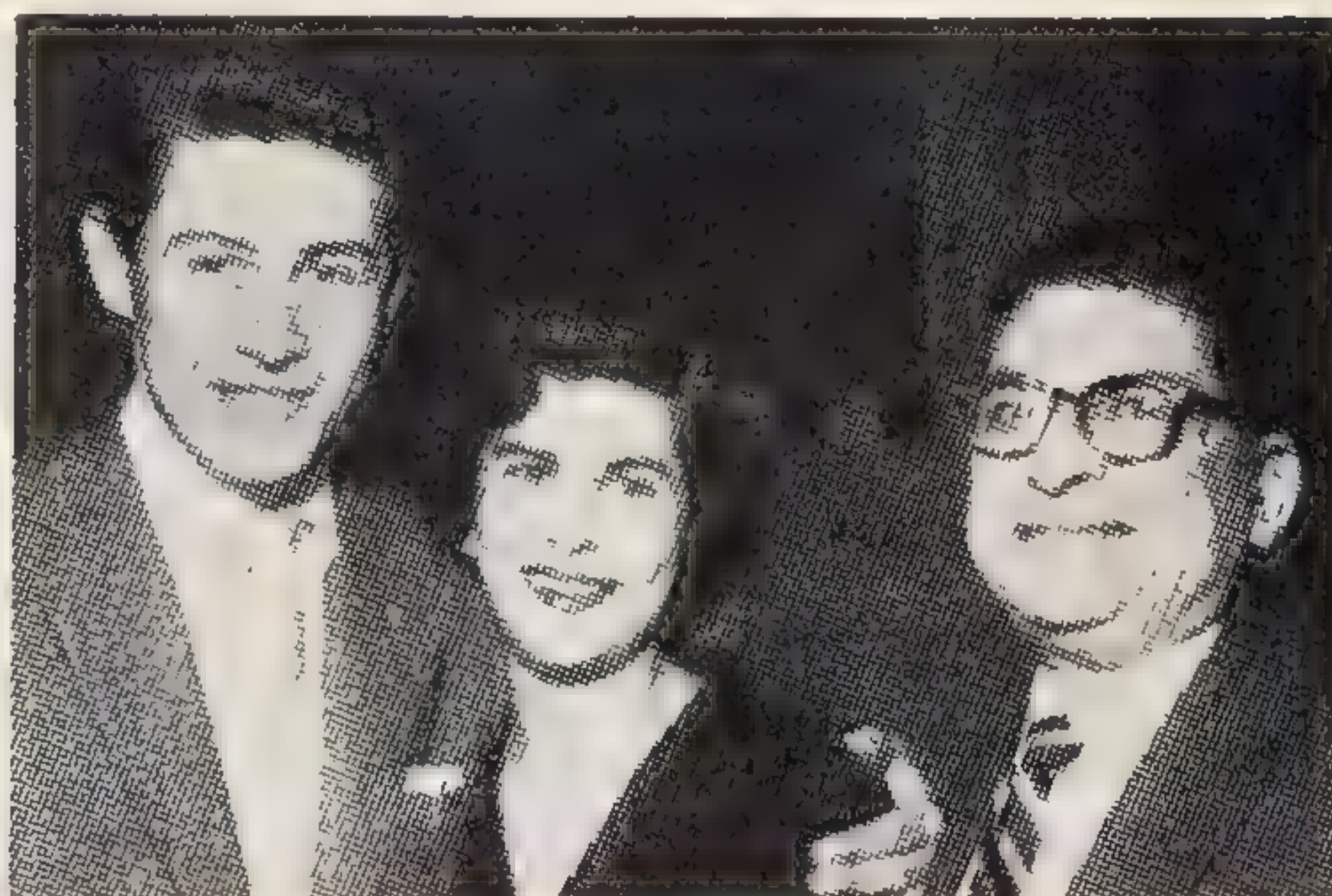


Arlene Dahl's classmates go to the top of their class!



Now James Mason is mad—for Hollywood

That's Hollywood For You



Sidney, daughter Steffi are Eddie Fisher fans

ROSEMARY CLOONEY plays in an unbelievable TV sketch and I believe her . . . What I don't understand is why Debra Paget's mother trots all over the studio with Debra but is never at the studio with Lisa Gaye, a younger daughter . . . My favorite current male singer is Eddie Fisher, but I'm just a member of a large army. Fisher should be making a movie . . . I'm still, and always will be, loyal to Bing Crosby. The greatest. Guess I'll never tire of hearing Bing sing "Down the Old Ox Road."

Grace Kelly should do a p.a. tour, so she'd be as popular with the fans as she is with her leading men. Grace has the personal touch . . . James Mason likes Hollywood now almost as much as he likes money. "I became an actor because I didn't know an easier and nicer way to make money," admits James . . . When I'm asked how long do I think Marilyn Monroe will be popular, my answer is: "Marilyn's popularity will continue until men go out of style."

. . . Tom Jenks' conclusion about a popular actor: "He's put his foot into everything, except the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese."

I would like to see a television broadcast of the Academy, Oscars good enough to win an Emmy . . . I think Jerry Wald is playing it real cool by giving Sheree North a good role in the next Judy Holliday movie. If handled properly, Sheree could make stardom . . . Robert Wagner likes girls who are sincere and without artifice. While playing gin Bob told me; "I can't stand gals who are amateur psychologists and start telling me all about myself." . . . They should restrict the singing of "No Business Like Show Business," or people are apt to be weary of it by the time the picture is playing . . . Wish I could tell you one of the reasons Terry Moore goes to Terry Hunt's gym, but I can't. Please—don't insist. I can't!

Zsa Zsa Gabor doesn't send me, not even an inch. However, it was Zsa Zsa that I overheard saying to Janet Leigh:

"I don't like to repeat gossip, honey, but what else can you do with it?"

Elizabeth Taylor is getting prettier than—well, than Elizabeth Taylor . . . Donna Reed takes a bubble bath occasionally but prefers a shower to a tub. "It's like walking in the rain." . . . I admit I don't understand the success of Liberace . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, is getting competition from Joe Pasternak, who told Gene Kelly he ought to dress better. "You're always running around in an old pair of Gunga Dins."

* * *

I'll make a bet right now that George Stevens' "Giant" will be a great picture. He hasn't learned how to make a bad one . . . I want to say Arlene Dahl's classmates knew what they were doing. Back in high school they voted Arlene "Most Likely to Succeed." . . . And don't forget that in Hollywood a person who says he hopes to see the light—means spell out his name on a marquee. That's Hollywood For You.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Signet"—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

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Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Liberty" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.



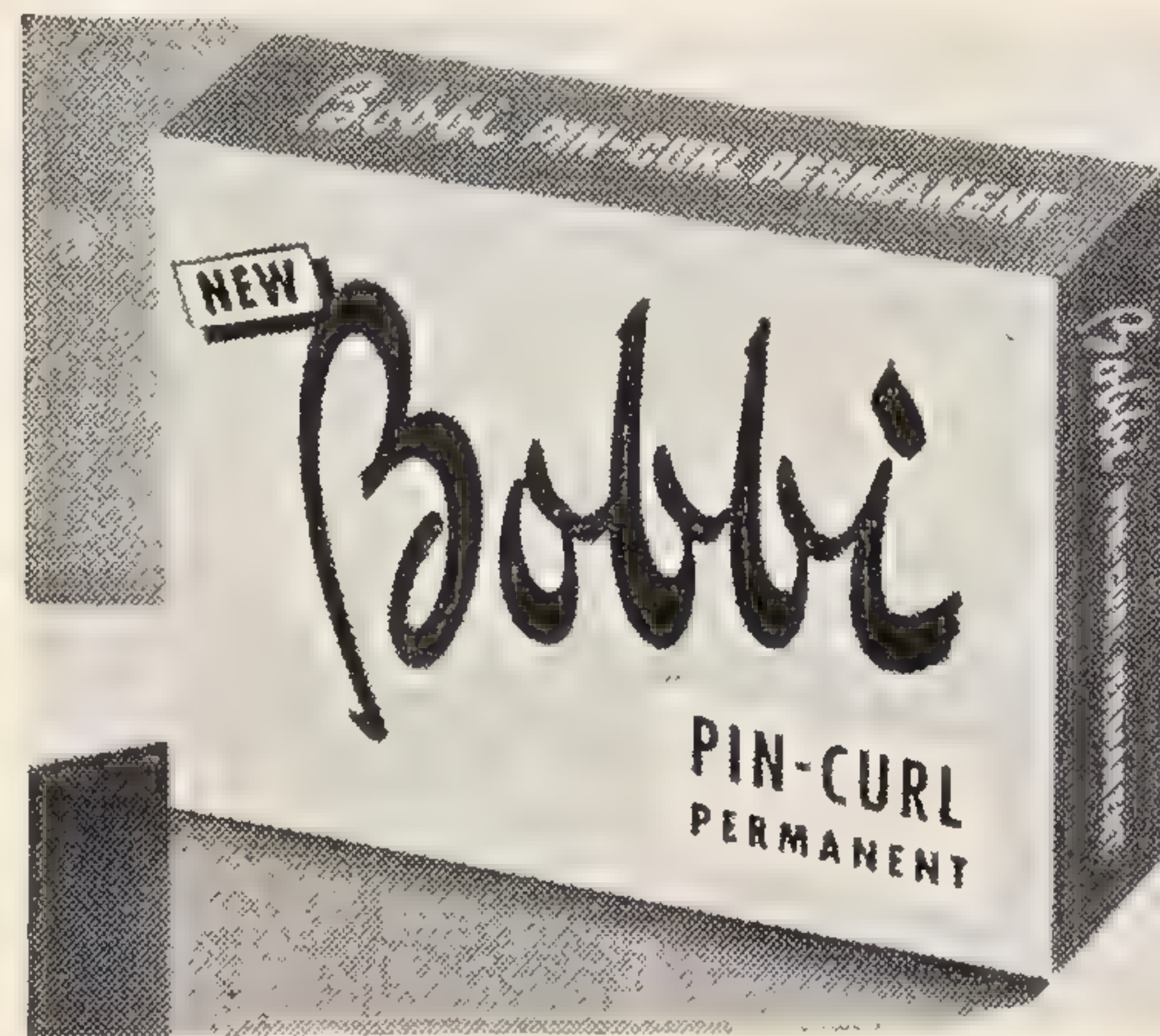
Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Aloha" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Jasmine" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

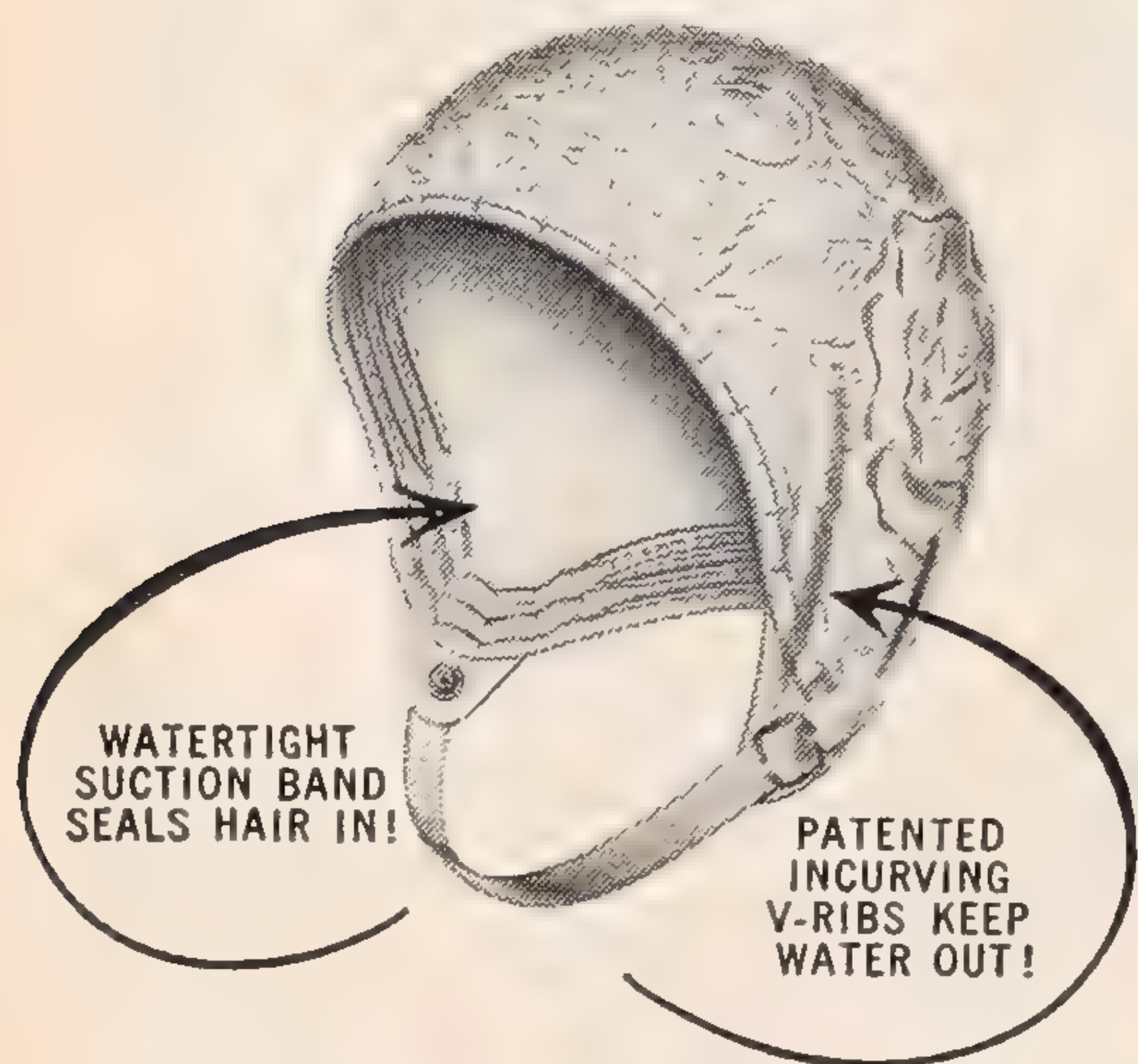


Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



"U.S. **Howland**
HAIR DRY SWIM CAPS
KEEP YOUR HAIR DRY—
PROTECT YOUR WAVE,"

says **FLORENCE CHADWICK**
famous Channel swimmer



To complete any smart beach ensemble, choose a U. S. Howland from the wonderful 1954 collection of exciting styles and colors. Small, medium, large. Swim all you want—your hair stays dry and lovely!



**UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY**
ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK



Terry's an authority—she rates high with guys like Bob Wagner

HOW'S YOUR SOCIAL RATING?

BY TERRY MOORE

The dictionary puts it this way. Wallflower: the lady who remains a spectator at a ball. Well, that's just fine. If your feet hurt, if your head aches or if you simply don't care!

But if you *do* care—and who can

honestly say she doesn't?—think about the questions below and answer them as carefully as you can. All they need is a *yes* or *no*, and they should provide a lot of clues that will help you have *fun* at your next party.

- | | YES | NO |
|--|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Do you enjoy being with people? | ☒ | ☐ |
| 2. Do you have a feeling of panic when you're about to enter a roomful of strangers? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 3. Do you like making new acquaintances? | ☒ | ☐ |
| 4. When you don't know many people at a gathering, do you find yourself a corner and hide? | ☐ | ☒ |
| 5. When you go to a party, are you confident you'll have a good time? | ☐ | ☒ |
| 6. Do hostesses seem to feel they must hover around you constantly to make sure you're having a good time? | ☐ | ☒ |
| 7. Do you dance well? | ☒ | ☐ |
| 8. If you accidentally spilled something on your dress, would it ruin your entire evening? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 9. Can you pay a sincere compliment—and do it often? | ☒ | ☐ |
| 10. Are you always the first to arrive and the last to leave a party? | ☐ | ☒ |
| 11. Do you enter into party games wholeheartedly? | ☒ | ☐ |
| 12. Do you feel you have to be "on stage" constantly in order to have fun? | ☐ | ☒ |
| 13. Do you enter into a group discussion easily? | ☒ | ☐ |
| 14. Do you think it's smart to be sarcastic? | ☐ | ☒ |
| 15. Are you well-informed on a variety of subjects and can you talk about them intelligently? | ☒ | ☐ |
| 16. Do you figure the more noise you make, the more attention you'll get—and the more attention, the better? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 17. Are you a good listener? | ☒ | ☐ |
| 18. Do you irritate the other girls by flirting with every man in sight? | ☐ | ☒ |
| 19. Do you try to see to it that others around you are having fun? | ☒ | ☒ |
| 20. If the party's formal, do you usually dress differently—let's say informally? | ☐ | ☒ |

Continued on page 20.

THRILLS NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

ACTUALLY FILMED
WITH THE
WHALING FLEET
IN THE
FROZEN
ANTARCTIC
IN
MAGNIFICENT
COLOR BY
Technicolor

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A WARWICK PRODUCTION

ALAN LADD

"HELL BELOW ZERO"

with JOAN TETZEL
Basil Sydney • Stanley Baker

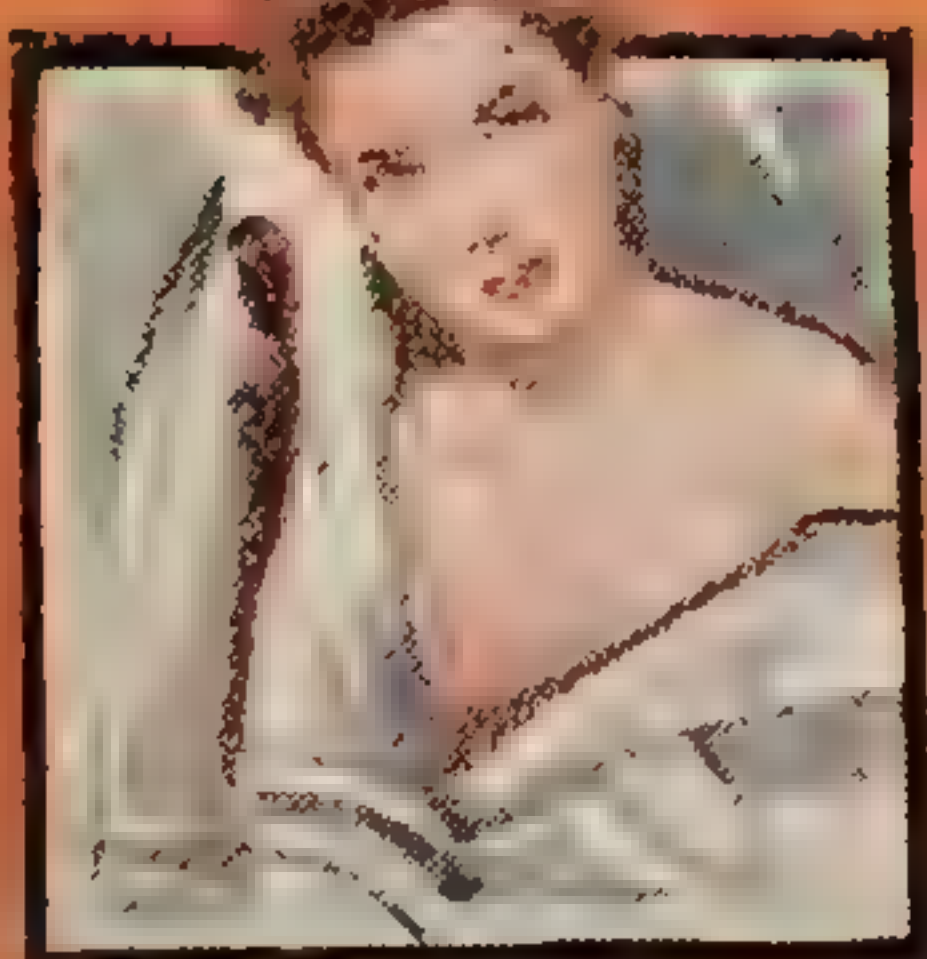
Screen Play by ALEC COPPEL and MAX TRELL

Adaptation by RICHARD MAIBAUM

Based on the novel "The White South" by Hammond Innes

Associate Producer George W. Willoughby • Produced by IRVING ALLEN and ALBERT R. BROCCOLI • Directed by

MARK ROBSON



*One enchanted evening—when Barbara
Rush became a star and Rock Hudson
became the man of the hour*



*Barbara's night—but
husband Jeff Hunter
shares her happiness*



*A proud mother beams
between Rock and his
friend, Betty Abbott*

MAGNIFICENT PROCESSION



*Disc jockey Johnny Grant introduces
co-stars Jane Wyman, Claire Trevor*



*Susan Cabot, Dick Anderson met at
"Blind Date Party" (see page 48)*

● Of all the brilliant throng that attended the opening, in Hollywood, of the long-awaited picture, "Magnificent Obsession," none was more thrilled than Rock Hudson and Barbara Rush. For this was their night to howl. The critics said so, their co-star Jane Wyman said so, the congratulations of the movie star audience confirmed it. For Barbara, her role was a boost to stardom. For Rock, it was the most challenging, most satisfying of his picture career.

As the autograph books eddied around them, Rock and Barbara grinned at each other. There would be other roles and other premieres—but for these two, never the excitement, the skyrocketing happiness of this magnificent night!

New *Lilt* Home Permanent

looks, feels and stays like the
Loveliest Naturally Curly Hair!

*— A far softer wave
than any other home
permanent!*

Exclusive new wave conditioner means that
only from *Lilt* can you get such soft, natural-looking curls!

Your New *Lilt* wave looks as lovely as the loveliest
naturally curly hair . . . shimmering with healthy-looking highlights. You get
the kind of wave you want where you want it!

Your New *Lilt* wave feels like naturally curly hair because
Lilt's Wave Conditioner makes curls so extra-soft you can feel the difference!

Lilt Curls are always soft and smooth like nature's own!

Your New *Lilt* wave stays like naturally curly hair
because it's the longest-lasting wave possible today! *Lilt* keeps
its shining, soft naturalness month after month!



for hard-to-wave hair



for normal hair



for easy-to-wave hair



for children's hair

Now!

Lilt lets you
choose the wave
especially made
for your type
of hair. Super,
Regular or
Gentle *Lilt*
. . . and *Lilt's*
new Party Curl,
the very best
children's home
permanent.

\$1.50
(plus tax)

Procter & Gamble's new *Lilt* Home Permanent



The Dean Martins with host Danny Kaye. The party didn't break up until daybreak

BY EDYTH GWYNN

Hollywood Party Line



Mrs. Dick Long: Bride of the year



The Champions: Her gown glittered

THERE WERE two extra-splashy preems, plus lots of parties large and small, to say naught of "special events" this month. But of course, nothing topped the Academy Awards—for glamour attendance and glamorous duds.

No one looked lovelier than Liz Taylor in her full-skirted Fontana original. It was of pale pink chiffon, strapless and embellished with a delicate leaf design in pearls and rhinestones. With it, Liz wore a fabulous, 250-year-old necklace of pearls and diamonds from Sweden, also pink Italian sandals to match her gown and a straight-edged stole of white fox. . . . Irene Dunne was done up in a Don Loper creation of yellow lace with myriad brilliants embroidered into the voluminous skirt. . . . Gene Tierney's slinky form-hugging gown of black crepe was topped by a four-layer capelet of white organdy that billowed around her shoulders. A real eye-catcher! . . . Lana Turner, always a knockout, was a knockout again. This time in strapless bright red peau de soie with full tiered skirt. A large rose, fashioned of the gown's material, at the right side of the décolletage was the *only* trimming—unless you want to count Lana's diamond choker and earrings! She wore a white fox stole.

Ann Blyth's off-the-shoulder dress of emerald chiffon was designed by Helen Rose and had a full skirt bedecked with emerald green sequins, as had the bodice. Ann's wrap was dark ranch mink. . . . The lovely thing Mitzi Gaynor wore when she danced with Don O'Connor was of aquamarine and silver metallic cloth with halter top and a bodice

fitted tight all the way to the hipline. The skirt was very full and accordion-pleated with rhinestone beading. Mitzi's white mink stole was brand-new for the occasion.

Donna Reed, the happiest and most excited Oscar winner I've ever eyed, accepted her prize wearing a short evening gown of blue-gray lace—another Don Loper original. The bouffant skirt and décolleté bodice were slashed by a wide ribbon of Kelly green and pink. Donna's gown was emphasized by the absence of jewelry. Bits of glitter on her shoulders and in her hair added sparkle.

As I said, the dolls in the audience were just as divinely gotten up as were those on stage, and fans outside the Pantages Theatre went *curraazy* yelling for their favorites as the stars entered. Biggest cheers (honest!) were for Clark Gable with Grace Kelly on his arm. Grace was stunning in a champagne tulle gown, almost the shade of her own blond tresses. It was embroidered all over in a grape design in gold paillettes. . . . Tiny Pilar Palette, with John Wayne—natch!, in soft-falling white crepe, strapless and generously beaded in crystals.

Marge Champion in white lace over nude tulle, tremendously full skirt, very low-cut bodice trimmed with iridescent sequins. Marge wore a short white mink cape. . . . Rosemary Clooney was in draped pale gray chiffon embroidered with pearls and crystals—a real gown. (Continued on page 18)

Hollywood's favorite.
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Debra Paget. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Debra Paget

starring in "DEMETRIUS
AND THE GLADIATORS"

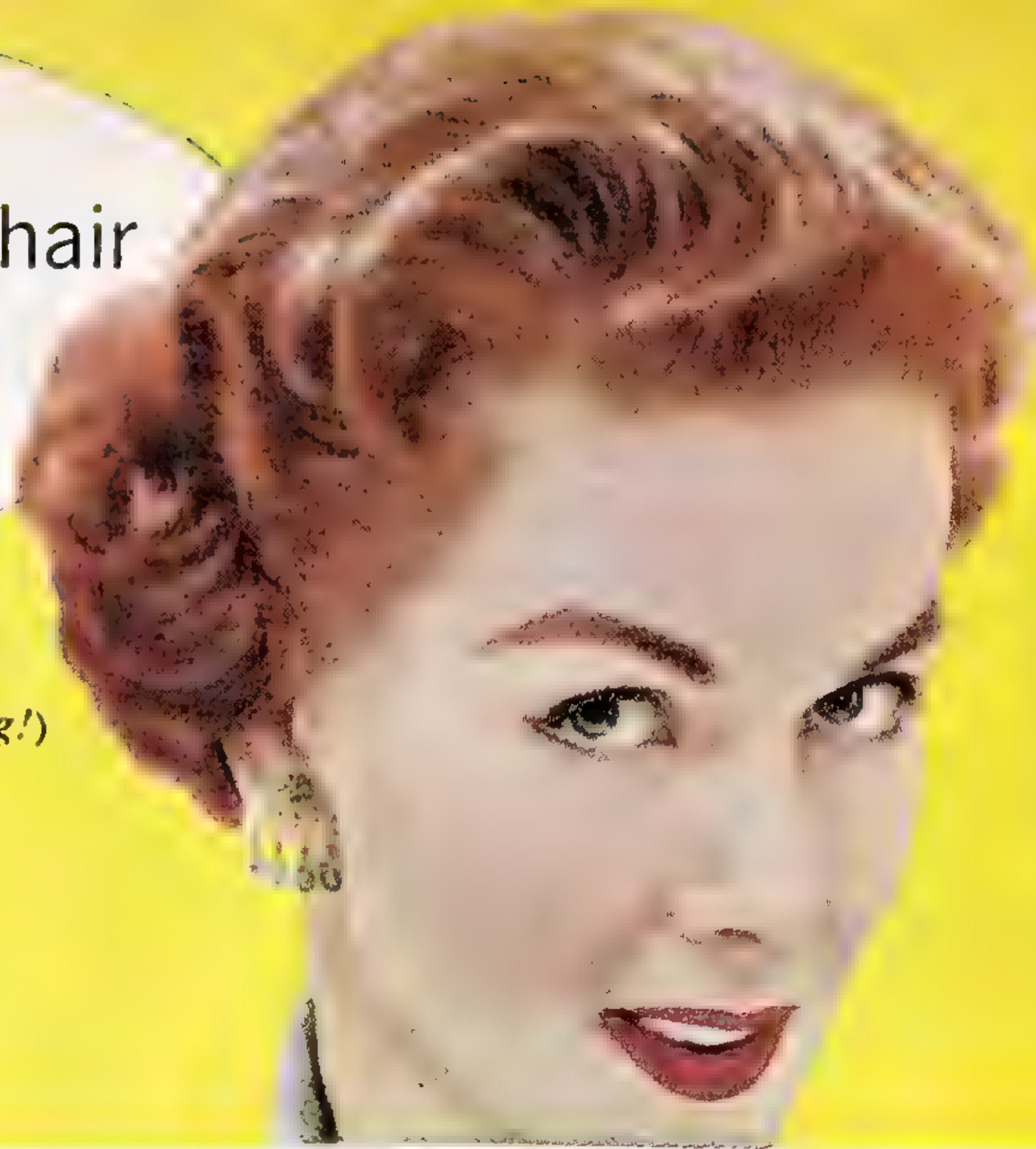
20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope Production.

Color by Technicolor.

Relieves dryness...gives hair
healthy looking glow

(See! You've been
missing something!)

HELENE CURTIS
Suave



No other hairdressing
leaves hair so
natural looking

(You look prettier
than a picture!)

HELENE CURTIS
Suave



Gives your hair
that "cared for" look

WITHOUT OILY AFTER-FILM

(Now he'll really
take you places!)

HELENE CURTIS
Suave



No other hairdressing adds so much sheer
beauty to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing
non-greasy Curtisol . . . relieves dryness, frizz, split ends.
Keeps hair in place, lovely to behold all day!

No wonder women prefer it 7 to 1.



2 forms: lotion,
creme (in jars),
1¢ to \$1 (plus tax)

*TRADEMARK

Hollywood Party Line

(Continued from page 16)

Everyone was certain Audrey Hepburn would win her Oscar—and happy that she did. But before the night was over, you could have heard at least twenty people remarking, "Why doesn't Audrey *lose* that weird hair-cut?" . . . One of the after-Oscar soirees was at Romanoff's, where a cute sight was furnished by Donna Reed and Esther Williams, chatting gaily as they freshened their make-ups together at the same mirror.

And now to the "Valiant" opening which brought Bob Wagner to star status *all* the way. His date was Jean Peters. It was the second premiere Jean's ever attended—and the first was a long time ago! So she'd forgotten what goes on. On the way into the theater when fans in the bleachers were yelling, etc., Jean turned to Bob and exclaimed, "You forgot to tell me, *they squeal!*" . . . Debra Paget's sis, Lisa Gaye, was with Robert Dix, young son of the late Richard Dix. Robert's been signed to a movie contract—and they'll soon be squealing at *him!* Among many stars on hand, and at the Romanoff dinner-dance later, were June Haver and Fred MacMurray, Rock Hudson, with Susie Zanuck, Susan Hayward, with long-time friend, Ned Marin, Paul Brinkman and Jeanne Crain, in a fancy gown of white and gold, Clifton Webb and his Ma, Maureen O'Hara, Mari Blanchard, Ty Power and Linda Christian, the Edmund Purdoms, Terry Moore, the Ronald Reagans, Debbie Reynolds with Hugh O'Brian, the Sterling Haydens, Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter. And, of all things, Debra Paget, looking dreamy in a strapless, full-skirted shortie gown, *all alone!*

Terrific turnout it was—for the Beverly Hills bow-in of Danny Kaye's funniest, most frantic picture, "Knock on Wood"! If you haven't already rocked at this laff-fest (good songs, too!) then, fevvens sakes! get on over to see it! After the show, Danny and his Mrs., Sylvia Fine, who did the words and music for his numbers (as usual) took over all of Mocambo and tossed a midnight-to-dawn party for almost everyone who'd been at the preem! Vera-Ellen (in beaded white satin sheath with that "covered up look" all the way to her

ears!) was with Richard Gully. I also saw Jeanne Martin, wearing virtually the same dress as Vera's, plus tiny silver and white bows in her hair, on the arm of hubby, Dean; Ethel Merman, Claudette Colbert, Jane Powell and Pat Nerney, Merle Oberon, back with Dr. Rex Ross, the Keenan Wynns. (Keenan complete with a beard he grew for a picture), Ann Robinson, with silver flakes in her red hair, the Eddie Robinsons, Nancy Sinatra with



Liz Taylor—a dream in diamonds

Vic Damone (now, there's a bit!), the Jack Bennys, Eartha Kitt with Arthur Loew, Jr., Leslie Caron's ex, Georgie Hormel with Marla English, and Debbie Reynolds, in her favorite shade of blue, first-dating with singer Bill Shirley. Joan Crawford was successfully wearing a combination that would scare many a woman, though it never should. Joan's gown was of flaming red net (miwyons of yards in the skirt), with a huge pale pink rose pinned to one of the narrow shoulder-straps of the tightly draped bodice. Over this, she wore PINK mink! And if you don't think this is stand-out stuff for a brunette, you're color blind!

Day after the Kaye soiree, Susan and Richard took their vows in Santa Barbara. Mala Powers, Lori Nelson, Jeff Chandler and Julia Adams were among the thousand guests who thrilled (literally!) to tears when Susan tossed aside her crutches moments before the ceremony and *walked* down the aisle. Just as this courageous girl had told the world she would—months ago! If the slight limp bothered her, or the cause of it gave her pain, it wasn't apparent at the small wedding supper later. Susan, shining with happiness, said, "I always knew I'd get married without crutches!"

Ooops! Here I am at the end of my "aisle"—so sorry.



Mrs. Grace Brown of Scarsdale, New York, keeps her hands lovely as a bride's with Jergens Lotion. She says:

"I use detergents as often as you ... but Jergens Lotion keeps my hands pretty!"



Grace does plenty of laundry by hand. Detergents help, but they could ruin her hands. How does she keep them so pretty?



Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously *improved* for fifty years to help *heal chapped, red hands instantly!*



No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper. Lovelier hands at once! Jergens never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).



Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. And Jergens, the world's favorite hand care, *costs you less.*

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands



No other deodorant
now asks women to
Shave First!

Actual skin tests prove
YODORA SO "KIND" TO SENSITIVE SKIN
we can make this bold statement

FIRST . . . shave under arms. (For faultless grooming — ask your druggist for Yodora shaving booklet.)

THEN . . . apply Yodora immediately with complete confidence*

We guarantee Yodora soothing to apply after shaving . . . gives day-long protection . . . won't harm finest fabrics, or your money back.

*If you suffer from skin irritations due to allergies or functional disorders, see your doctor.



A McKesson Product



YODORA

*your really soothing
cream deodorant*

ANSWERS TO

HOW'S YOUR SOCIAL RATING?

Continued from page 12

For a perfect score you should have answered a resounding "Yes!" to the odd-numbered questions and an equally resounding "No!" to the even-numbered questions.

Fifteen correct answers is about average and certainly no cause for concern unless you want to go into politics. But if you didn't get anywhere near a perfect score and are beginning to feel sorry for yourself—don't! Remember that at least you're honest enough to admit there's room for improvement, and that's half the battle right there.

Think about the questions you got wrong. Figure out why you got them wrong and—even more important—figure out what you can do about them.

Remember that everyone suffers from shyness at one time or another, and with some of us, shyness is a constant companion, unwelcome though it is. Watch how other people meet and overcome the things that have you stumped. There's nothing wrong with duplicating what someone else does—for all you know that very person may be copying something that you do well.

But don't go too far in the other direction either in overcoming your shyness. The life of the party can also be the death of it—as far as the other guests are concerned—and it's probable that this person is actually just trying desperately to cover up a sense of shyness by being boisterous and dominating everyone.

Fortunately, there's a happy medium which means happy guest and happy hostess. And that's something to strive for. Try it and see. But don't try to do everything at once. Tackle one thing at a time, starting out slowly gaining speed as you gather momentum.

Remember the truth in the fable about the tortoise and the hare and you can't go wrong.



The role of parent in Broadway play "Anniversary Waltz" comes naturally to Mac Carey! He and wife Betty, shown here with Stevens, Elizabeth (rear) Lynn and Anna (front) became parents a fifth time with birth of Edward Macdonald Jr., April 22

*So nice
to come home to!*



Marriages may be made in heaven but they must be lived on earth. And Mrs. J—finds it more livable if she lets nothing mar her charm. Like unpleasant breath, for example. Not for her, make-shifts that deodorize temporarily! She lets Listerine Antiseptic, with its lasting effect, look after her breath . . . lets it accent her sweetness, heighten her appeal, day in, day out. Why don't you make this a must in daily grooming? It certainly pays off in added attractiveness.

Lasting Effect

You see, Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . four times better than tooth paste. It's the extra-careful precaution against offending that countless fastidious people rely on.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you

what no tooth paste does. Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria . . . by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This...Instantly

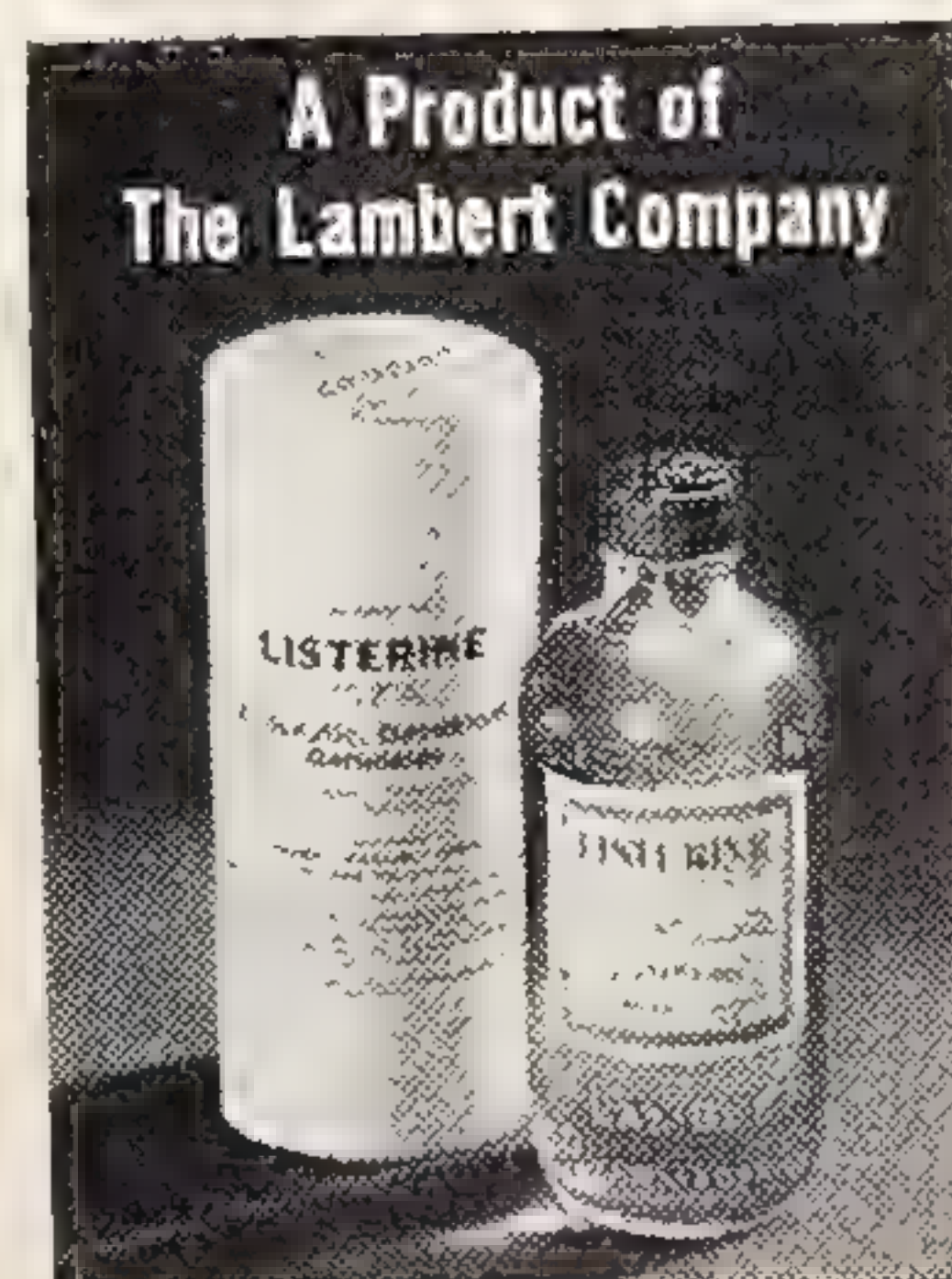
You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs but Listerine kills bacteria by mil-

lions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



Every week
2 different shows, radio & television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

Honestly!

it's easy to
avoid chafing on
"those days"



All you have to do is give up hot, "chafey" external pads and turn to the Tampax* method of sanitary protection. Tampax is worn internally and positively will not chafe or irritate, no matter how warm the weather is. In fact, the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.

Tampax has many other warm weather advantages. For one thing, it prevents odor from forming—and what a blessing that is! Tampax also gives you the freedom of the beach. It can't "show" under a bathing suit; you even wear Tampax while you're swimming.

If you're planning on going away, just remember this: Tampax is extremely easy to dispose of, even when the plumbing is erratic. Get this doctor-invented product at any drug or notion counter in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse; economy size gives 4 times as much. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CELEBRITY CORNER

No shadow of things to come marred the enjoyment of these guests in Booth 1, in the Pump Room of Chicago's Ambassador Hotel. But of the six star couples shown here—three have divorced in the last five years!



Engagement party. But marriage was brief for Liz Taylor, Nicky Hilton



Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis still kid—but not about their marriage



The Clark Gables seemed set for life. But these two were to part in 1952



No secret about who's Doris Day's "secret love"—hubby Marty Melcher



Family fun. But in 1951, divorce parted Betty Hutton, Ted Briskin



Quietly dining in Booth 1, the Van Johnsons reflect still happy union

Jan Sterling

star of Paramount's "ALASKA SEAS" says... "You could buy the most expensive of girdles and still not get the comfort and control of Playtex!"

*To look best in 1954's
revealing summer fashions*

Hollywood Stars
recommend

PLAYTEX[®]

Living Panty Brief

You can see for yourself that this year's summer silhouette is slender as a stem. That's why now, more than ever, you need a Playtex Panty Brief to trim away extra inches!

Without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex slims you in complete free-

dom. Made of a smooth latex sheath, Playtex is invisible under the most revealing fashions. And, it washes in seconds, dries with the pat of a towel, ready to wear again, *right away*. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere!

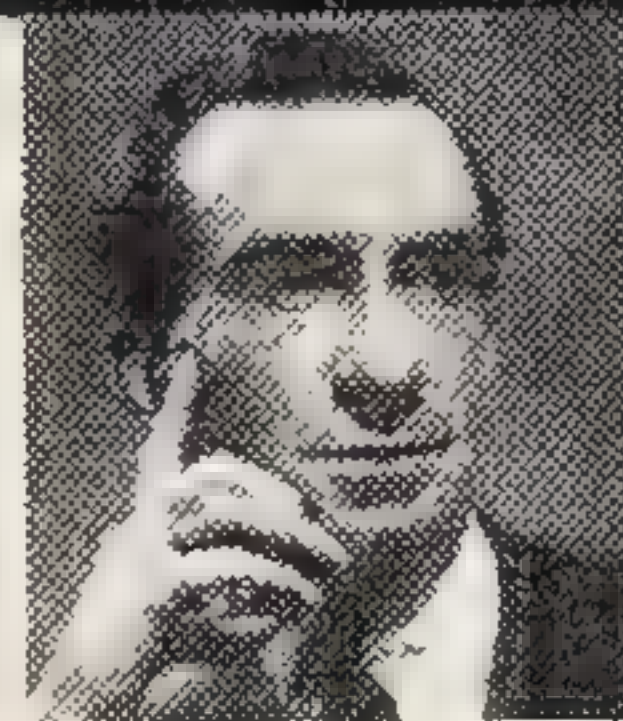
PLAYTEX...
known
everywhere
as the
girdle
in the
SLIM
tube.



TOP DESIGNERS—LIKE TOP STARS— PRAISE PLAYTEX!



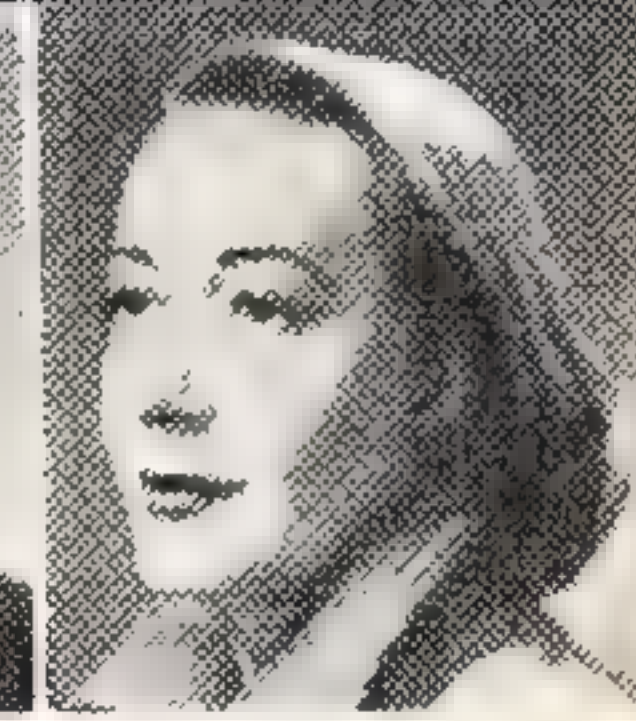
SCHNURER



EMILIO of CAPRI



DE GRAB



OWEN

PLAYTEX [®] Living [®] PANTY BRIEF (without garters)	\$3.50
PLAYTEX Living PANTY GIRDLE (with garters)	3.95
PLAYTEX Living GIRDLE (with garters)	3.95
PLAYTEX Fabric Lined PANTY BRIEF	4.95
PLAYTEX Magic-Controller* PANTY BRIEF	6.95

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending (Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

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"Eat and Grow Thin!" says Corinne Calvet

Famous Movie Star Tells You How To Lose Weight!

When so many beautiful Hollywood stars like Corinne Calvet keep their figures slim and lovely with the help of Ayds, you know that the Ayds way must work. Let it help you to lose weight, too!

Proved by Clinical Tests!

With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without strenuous dieting or hunger. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat the foods you like. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

Guaranteed—A Lovelier Figure!

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. You, too, must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back.

Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At drug or department stores.



Corinne in a boudoir scene. "I can sincerely recommend Ayds to anyone who wants a lovelier figure," says Corinne.



Corinne Calvet loves boating. She says: "I can say from my own experience and that of my friends that Ayds is wonderful."



Gorilla at Large

20TH;
3-D, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Stir together chills, a whodunit plot and carnival atmosphere, and you get a batch of lively entertainment. Newly seductive, Anne Bancroft plays an aerialist with a tangled marital history, gradually uncovered when the killings begin along the midway. Among the suspects: Raymond Burr, her current husband; Cameron Mitchell, a law student with a summer job at the carnival; Peter Whitney, Anne's first husband, now a slow-witted keeper to the gorilla that is the show's big attraction. Lee J. Cobb plays sleuth, and Charlotte Austin romances with Cameron. The 3-D is good (if your theatre uses it). FAMILY

Drums Across the River

U-I,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Here's a Western with no nonsense about it, getting right down to action at the start and keeping it up briskly all the way. Misguidedly, Audie Murphy joins a group invading Ute Indian territory in search of gold. His dad (Walter Brennan) warns them not to break the treaty and renew warfare. After discovering that Lyle Bettger and henchmen actually want to goad the Utes to battle, Audie turns against the gang. The ladies get only a scant look-in: Lisa Gaye (Debra Paget's sister), a wistful Western heroine; Mara Corday, Bettger's girl. FAMILY

Prisoner of War

M-G-M

✓✓ A study of American POW's in North Korea is a subject calculated to touch the heart, but here it's handled shallowly. Ronald Reagan is an officer who deliberately lets himself be captured, so he may smuggle back reports on conditions in the Red Prison camps. The GIs' reactions are a cross-section of reality: Dewey Martin promptly goes "progressive" to get privileges; Steve Forrest refuses to give in to Red persuasions and brutality. But the characters are over-simplified and the story becomes merely a catalogue of atrocities, without meaning. ADULT

Arrow in the Dust

ALLIED ARTISTS,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A vigorous yarn of Indian-fighting shows Sterling Hayden continuing to develop assurance as an adventure star. At the outset, he's a self-centered type, deserting from the cavalry to head for California. But he's persuaded to assume the identity and responsibilities of a dead officer and go to the rescue of a wagon train threatened by warring tribes. Coleen Gray's a courageous pioneer drawn to Hayden, the impostor. FAMILY

The Miami Story

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Though introduced in documentary style, this racket-busting melodrama has no great degree of plausibility. "Set a thief

(Continued on page 26)

*Just a whisper of spray...
sets your hair
for all day!*



Helene Curtis spray net[®]

keeps your hair in place softly, softly... without ever drying it... thanks to the spray-on Lanolin Lotion in SPRAY NET*

What a delightful difference!

And the difference is this... SPRAY NET keeps your hair soft and "touchable" while keeping it in place *all day long*.

Your hair isn't glued, or stuck, or starched in place when you spray on Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

It's as if your hair grew the way you set it... *naturally inclined to stay in place*... every wandering wisp of it.

Touch your fingers to your hair

(and don't be surprised if *he* wants to, too). Such softness is irresistible.

And if you're a girl who varies her hair-do... you especially should try Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. It keeps an "up-sweep" up all evening, and a "down-do" beautifully done all day.

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Regular size (4½ oz.)

New large economy size (11 oz.) \$1.89,

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ON DAMP DAYS**

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



to catch a thief" is its theme. Barry Sullivan, a reformed gangster, is hired by outraged leading citizens of Miami to break up the criminal ring gripping the city. So he pretends he's out to rule the rackets, supplanting boss Luther Adler. Beverly Garland's seen as a sweet youngster looking for her sister (Adele Jergens), who's become Adler's partner. And fair-haired John Baer scores as Adler's gunman-protege, a college grad.

FAMILY

Southwest Passage

U.A.,
PATHECOLOR

✓✓ An interesting touch of the exotic crops up in this horse opera—it's also a camel opera. Rod Cameron leads a strange expedition designed to find out whether camels would be as useful on our Southwestern desert as on the Sahara. The mixed caravan is joined by John Ireland, an outlaw posing as a doctor, and Joanne Dru, his sweetheart. Battles with thirst and Apaches maintain tension.

FAMILY

The Saracen Blade

COLUMBIA,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Ricardo Montalban cuts a stalwart figure in a swashbuckling tale of the Crusades and intrigues in Italy. He's a supposed commoner, actually out for revenge on the powerful family that killed his nobly born father. Betta St. John, his true love, is forced to marry Rick Jason, scion of the hated clan. Having attained knight-hood through friendship with the Emperor, Ricardo then claims Carolyn Jones, Rick's cousin, as his bride, resolved to treat her with scorn. There's enough plot here for three or four movies, so events have to keep moving at a fast clip.

FAMILY

The Cowboy

LIPPERT,
EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ A documentary on the loved, half-legendary hero of the West is a splendid project, long overdue. The opening of this modest film casts a spell, close-upping the wise, weatherbeaten faces of ancient cowhands, who remember the West when it and they were young. But the reconstruction of old days on the range is not well organized. The movie takes on real interest when it follows two genuine modern cowboys, going about their daily chores. Drawbacks are one scene of obvious fakery and a musical score of written-to-order songs, lacking the flavor of authentic Western ballads.

FAMILY

Fireman Save My Child

U-I

✓✓ This headlong bit of slapstick is a typical Abbott and Costello vehicle—except that Bud and Lou aren't in it. Hugh O'Brian (quite handsome in his dark uniform) plays straight man, and Buddy Hackett is the bumbling comic. Both work in a firehouse that's a madhouse, since the boss is Spike Jones and the smoke-eaters are his City Slickers. Some of the running gags are good for laughs.

FAMILY



She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out **PINK PLUM**
And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

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Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

Director Conover School

this is how you feel...

*All over... all day
— wrapped in the flower
freshness of*

**cashmere
bouquet**
TALCUM POWDER



Cashmere
Bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

59¢

29¢ 43¢
Plus Tax

**Conover Girls Pick
Cashmere Bouquet**

"Borrow this good
grooming cue from
our Conover Career
School students!

A quick dusting with
Cashmere Bouquet Talc
smooths hot, chafed
skin . . . helps girdles,
stockings and shoes
ease on smoothly."

Says

Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

LAUGHING STOCK

Red Skelton, hoping to sleep late one Sunday morning, offered a prize to whichever of his youngsters slept the latest.

At 5 A.M. son Richard awoke him and asked:

"Daddy, who's winning the prize?"

Jan August's telling about the actor who has a 3-D wife—

"She's been throwing things at him for years."

Richard Barstow met a celebrated movie doll and later commented, "There was a gap in the conversation—her mind."

King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece were introduced to Marilyn Monroe during their Hollywood visit. But the newspaper stories neglected to report if the Greeks had a word for it.

Art Linkletter gave Marie Wilson of the low necklines a gag gift—a stick with a nail on it, "So you can pick up things without bending over."

Sign on the office of Milton Berle's gag writers, "The biggest quip joint in town."

A Hollywood night-club press agent explained why certain film stars are invited on the cuff to openings, "We make up a list of names. Then we invite a lot of people they don't like—and pray for a fight."

A bar on Hollywood's TV row is serving a non-Dragnet cocktail. One drink and you care nothing about the facts.

Sign on a studio secretary's desk: "Be Brief. Be Bright. Be Gone."

The football season is over but Jack Benny's great gag lingers on. "This football team," Jack told it, "was good but not very bright. So the coach had little radios installed in their helmets so they could listen to the broadcast of the game and find out who had the ball. But one day the quarterback tuned in the wrong station and tackled *John's Other Wife*."

Double feature at a drive-in theatre—when you go with two girls.

Overheard:

At Ciro's: "Do you mind moving about 10 yards to the right—you are sitting directly on my nerves."

At the Mocambo: "Her heart is in the right place but nothing else is."

At the House of Murphy: "He's the most modern psychoanalyst in Hollywood. He uses sectional couches for patients with split personalities."

George Jessel, lunching with Fred Allen, affixed his monocle to read the menu.

"What's the matter," leered Fred, "isn't the other eye eating?"

Ed Wynn was reading the eye chart for renewal of his driver's license:

"S-C-W-A-L-S-K-I."

"Oh, I know him," said Ed. "We played football together."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station



Are you in the know?

The guest no one invites again is —

☐ A lazy daisy ☐ A lem-me girl ☐ A Plain Jane

That camera she's toting on a tippy-canoe ride: It's expensive; it belongs to her hostess. Like the swim suit she's wearing—and the tennis racket she'll use later. Don't be a lem-me girl ("lend me" this or that). When visiting, bring your own sports props; why inconvenience your friends—or risk being dubbed a vandal? Dodge *calendar-time* risks, too. You get safety you trust with Kotex, for this *extra absorbent* napkin gives protection that doesn't fail!



Does that very swish shindig call for—

☐ A new hairdo ☐ Your usual style

Yah—you look *different* all right, with that new siren-ish chignon! In fact, you're a Stranger in Harry's eyes—so now you feel unsure. A special occasion's no time to try new hairdo tricks. But at "that" time, it's no trick to be sure about whether Regular, Junior or Super Kotex suits you best. Try all 3. Each size has chafe-free softness; *holds its shape!*



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins



If you're baffled by a French menu—

☐ Take a chance ☐ Get a translation

Better not stab at just *anything* listed. It might turn out to be snails' brains—when you were drooling for duck! So even if your squire is that suave new blade-about-town you'd impress—let him pollyvoo for you. Ask what vittles he'd suggest. In any language, *confidence* (on certain days) means Kotex. One reason: special *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

When shouldn't a gal just trust to luck?

☐ On a quiz show ☐ On certain days ☐ In Canasta

It's the wise lassie who doesn't take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to Quest* deodorant powder. Quest was specially designed for sanitary napkins... no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented Quest powder positively *destroys* odors. Use Quest to be sure!



Joan the glamorous! Joan the gunfighter!

She's fire and steel in a story
of passion and bitter
hatred as big as the
great Southwest!



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presents

JOAN CRAWFORD
AS THE WOMAN WHO LOVES
"JOHNNY GUITAR"

starring
STERLING HAYDEN • MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE • SCOTT BRADY
with WARD BOND • BEN COOPER • ERNEST BORGNINE • JOHN CARRADINE
Screen Play by PHILIP YORDAN • Based on the novel by ROY CHANSLOR
Directed by NICHOLAS RAY
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

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BY CONSOLIDATED



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lively, lovely Sun-Sets, the bras beautifully shaped for keeps, just as you'd expect from Lovable.

Left: "Show Business" with curved lines and hip bows defined by contrast piping. Lower: "On Stage" with bra that crosses in back or converts to a halter, cuffed shorts with zipper closing. Cotton twill, bras 32 to 38, shorts 10 to 16. Colors bright as all outdoors, just \$3 a set!

now playing



sunsets

by Lovable



CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ARROW IN THE DUST—Allied Artists. Directed by Lesley Selander: *Bart Laish*, Sterling Hayden; *Christella*, Coleen Gray; *Lt. King*, Keith Larsen; *Crowshaw*, Tom Tully; *Pepperis*, Carleton Young; *Carqueville*, Jimmy Wakely; *Tillotson*, Tudor Owen; *Crew Boss*, Lee Van Cleef; *Lybarger*, John Pickard.

COWBOY, THE—Lippert Pictures, Inc. Directed by Elmo Williams; Narration by Tex Ritter; Bill Conrad; John Dehner; Larry Dobkin.

DRUMS ACROSS THE RIVER—U-I. Directed by Nathan Juran: *Gary Brannon*, Audie Murphy; *Jennie Marlowe*, Leslie Gaye; *Frank Walker*, Lyle Bettger; *Sam Brannon*, Walter Brennan; *Sue*, Mara Corday; *Morgan*, Hugh O'Brian; *Taos*, Jay Silverheels; *Sheriff Beal*, Regis Toomey; *Ouray*, Morris Ankrum; *Jed Walker*, James Anderson; *Les Walker*, George Wallace; *Billy Costa*, Bob Steele; *Ralph Costa*, Lane Bradford; *Marlowe*, Emile Meyer; *Fallon*, Greg Barton; *Stilwell*, Howard McNear; *Red Knife*, Ken Terrell.

FIREMAN SAVE MY CHILD—U-I. Directed by Les Goodwins: *McGinty*, Spike Jones; *Firemen*, The City Slickers; *Smokey*, Buddy Hackett; *Smitty*, Hugh O'Brian; *Harry's wife*, Adele Jergens; *Bill Peters*, Tom Brown; *Commissioner Spencer*, Harry Cheshire; *Chief Rorty*, George Cleveland; *Tucker*, Tristram Coffin; *Crane*, John Cliff; *Mayor*, Willis Bouche; *Harry*, Henry Kulky; *Mayor's wife*, Madge Blake.

GORILLA AT LARGE—Panoramic Productions. Directed by Harmon Jones: *Joey Matthews*, Cameron Mitchell; *Laverne Miller*, Anne Bancroft; *Detective Sergeant Garrison*, Lee J. Cobb; *Cyrus Miller*, Raymond Burr; *Audrey Baxter*, Charlotte Austin; *Kovacs*, Peter Whitney; *Shaughnessy*, Lee Marvin; *Mack*, Warren Stevens; *Morse*, John G. Kellogg; *Owens*, Charles Tannen.

HELL BELOW ZERO—Columbia. Directed by Mark Robson: *Duncan Craig*, Alan Ladd; *Judie Nordahl*, Joan Tetzel; *Bland*, Basil Sydney; *Erik Bland*, Stanley Baker; *Capt. McPhee*, Joseph Tomelty; *Dr. Howe*, Niall MacGinnis; *Gerda Petersen*, Jill Bennett; *Miller*, Peter Dyneley; *Kathleen*, Susan Rayne; *Sandeborg*, Philo Hauser; *Larsen*, Ivan Craig; *Manders*, Paddy Ryan; *Factory Ship Radio Operator*, Cyril Chamberlain; *Kista Dan Radio Operator*, Paul Homer; *Ulvik*, Edward Hardwicke; *Martens*, John Witty; *Christiansen*, Brandon Toomey; *Stewardess*, Jenine Graham; *Office Manager*, Basil Cunard; *Drunken Sailor*, Fred Griffiths; *Hotel Receptionist*, John Warren; *Captain Petersen*, Philip Ray; *Svensen*, Paul Connell.

LUCKY ME—Warners. Directed by Jack Donohue: *Candy*, Doris Day; *Dick*, Robert Cummings; *Hap*, Phil Silvers; *Duke*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Flo*, Nancy Walker; *Lorraine*, Martha Hyer; *Thayer*, Bill Goodwin; *Anton*, Marcel Dalio; *Tommy Arthur*, Hayden Rorke; *Mahoney*, James Burke.

MAN WITH A MILLION—U.A. Directed by Ronald Neame: *Henry Adams*, Gregory Peck; *Portia Lansdowne*, Jane Griffiths; *Oliver Montpelier*, Ronald Squire; *Duchess of Cromarty*, Joyce Grenfell; *Duke of Grogna*, A. E. Matthews; *Roderick Montpelier*, Wilfrid Hyde White; *Rock*, Reginald Beckwith; *Hastings*, Hartley Power; *Lloyd*, Brian Oulton; *American Ambassador*, Wilbur Evans; *Mr. Reid*, Maurice Denham; *Parsons*, John Slater; *Duke of Cromarty*, Hugh Wakefield; *Tod (Tailor shop)*, Bryan Forbes; *Renie*, Ann Gudrun; *Chop House Proprietor*, George Devine; *Mr. Clements*, Ronald Adam; *Chop House Proprietor's Wife*, Joan Hick-

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Slightly higher in Canada

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son; *Bank Director*, Ernest Thesiger; *Consulate Official*, Eliot Makeham; *James*, Richard Caldicott; *Receptionist (Bumbles)*, Hugh Latimer; *Williams*, Jack McNaughton; *Commissionaire*, John Kelly.

MIAMI STORY, THE—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *Mick Flagg*, Barry Sullivan; *Tony Brill*, Luther Adler; *Ted Delacorte*, John Baer; *Gwen Abbott*, Adele Jergens; *Holly Abbott*, Beverly Garland; *Frank Alton*, Dan Riss; *Chief Martin Belman*, Damian O'Flynn; *Robert Bishop*, Chris Alcaide; *Johnny Loker*, Gene D'Arcy; *Louie Mott*, George E. Stone; *Gil Flagg*, David Kasday; *Charles Earnshaw*, Tom Greenway.

PLAYGIRL—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Fran Davis*, Shelley Winters; *Mike Marsh*, Barry Sullivan; *Tom Bradley*, Gregg Palmer; *Barron Courtney*, Richard Long; *Ted Andrews*, Kent Taylor; *Jonathan*, Dave Barry; *Lew Martel*, Philip Van Zandt; *Paul*, James McCallion; *Pancho*, Don Avalier; *Wilbur*, Paul Richards; *Cab Driver*, Carl Sklover; *Phyllis Matthews*, Colleen Miller.

PRISONER OF WAR—M-G-M. Directed by Andrew Marton: *Web Sloane*, Ronald Reagan; *Cpl. Joseph Robert Stanton*, Steve Forrest; *Jesse Treadman*, Dewey Martin; *Col. Nikita I. Biroshilov*, Oscar Homolka; *Francis Aloysius Beluey*, Robert Horton; *Capt. Jack Hodges*, Paul Stewart; *Maj. O. D. Halle*, Henry Morgan; *Lt. Georgi M. Kobovnik*, Stephen Bekassy; *Col. Kim Doo Yi*, Leonard Strong; *Merton Tollivar*, Darryl Hickman; *Red Guard*, Weaver Levy; *Capt. Lang Hyun Choi*, Rollin Moriyama; *Benjamin Julesberg*, Ike Jones; *MVD Officer*, Clarence Lung; *Axel Horstrom*, Jerry Paris; *Lt. Peter Reilly*, John Lupton; *Red Guard*, Ralph Ahn.

RIVER OF NO RETURN—20th. Directed by Otto Preminger: *Matt Calder*, Robert Mitchum; *Kay*, Marilyn Monroe; *Harry Weston*, Rory Calhoun; *Mark*, Tommy Rettig; *Colby*, Murvyn Vye; *Benson*, Douglas Spencer; *Gambler*, Ed Hinton; *Ben*, Don Beddoe; *Surrey Driver*, Claire Andre; *Dealer at Crap Table*, Jack Mather; *Barber*, Edmund Cobb; *Trader*, Will Wright; *Dancer*, Jarma Lewis; *Young Punk*, Hal Baylor.

SARACEN BLADE, THE—Columbia. Directed by William Castle: *Pietro*, Ricardo Montalban; *Iolanthe*, Betta St. John; *Enzio*, Rick Jason; *Elaine of Siniscola*, Carolyn Jones; *Frederick II*, Whitfield Connor; *Count Siniscola*, Michael Ansara; *Baron Rogliano*, Edgar Barrier; *Isaac*, Nelson Leigh; *Zenobia*, Pamela Duncan; *Donati*, Frank Pulaski; *Haroun*, Leonard Penn; *Maria*, Nyra Monsour; *Giuseppe*, Edward Coch; *Italian Prince*, Gene D'Arcy; *Gina*, Poppy Deluando.

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE—U.A. Directed by Ray Nazarro: *Lilly*, Joanne Dru; *Edward Beale*, Rod Cameron; *Clint McDonald*, John Ireland; *Matt Carroll*, John Dehner; *Tall Tale*, Guinn (Big Boy) Williams; *Hi Jolly*, Mark Hanna; *Jeb*, Darryl Hickman; *Lieut. Owens*, Stuart Randall; *Doc Stanton*, Morris Ankrum; *Sheriff Morgan*, Kenneth MacDonald; *Constable Bartlett*, Stanley Andrews.

THEM—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Sgt. Ben Peterson*, James Whitmore; *Dr. Harold Medford*, Edmund Gwenn; *Dr. Patricia Medford*, Joan Weldon; *Robert Graham*, James Arness; *Brig. Gen. O'Brien*, Onslow Stevens; *Major Kibbee*, Sean McClory; *Ed Blackburn*, Chris Drake; *A Little Girl*, Sandy Descher; *Mrs. Loge*, Mary Ann Hokanson; *Capt. of Troopers*, Don Shelton; *Crotty*, Fess Parker; *Jensen*, Olin Howlin.



IT BEGINS WHERE

20th Century-Fox
presents

THE GLAD

The continuation of the greatest story of love and faith in the history of entertainment! The soul-searching drama of what happened to "The Robe" and Demetrius—who defied the word of God for the wanton smile and willing arms of the high priestess, Messalina, and met the most awesome challenge of the human spirit...on the blood-drenched sands of the Colosseum!

Produced by **FRANK ROSS**

Directed by **DELMER DAVES**



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CINEMA

In the Wonder of 4-TRACK, HIGH

starring

SUSAN HAYWARD · VICTOR

The Robe LEFT OFF!

Demetrius and IATORS



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SCOPE

FIDELITY STEREOPHONIC SOUND

Written by **PHILIP DUNNE**

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co-starring

MICHAEL RENNIE · DEBRA PAGET
ANNE BANCROFT · JAY ROBINSON

with **BARRY JONES · WILLIAM MARSHALL**

MATURE

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 8.



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.

✓✓ ACT OF LOVE—U.A.: Kirk Douglas and newcomer Dany Robin interpret the ill-starred love affair of a GI and a French waif. Filmed in France; interesting backgrounds. (A) April

✓✓ BAIT—Columbia: Efficiently written little melodrama. Gold prospector Hugo Haas plots to get rid of his partner, John Agar. (A) April

✓✓✓✓ BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT—U.A.: Enchanting French film (titles in English), mixing slapstick and sense. Gerard Philipe, a poor young composer, dreams he's a big success in bygone times, wooing Gina Lollobrigida. (F) June

✓✓✓ BEAT THE DEVIL—U.A.: Wonderfully wacky characters in a melodramatic satire, shot in Italy. Bogart tangles with uranium-seekers, eccentrically neglects Gina Lollobrigida to dally with Jennifer Jones. (F) May

✓✓✓ BOY FROM OKLAHOMA, THE—Warners, WarnerColor: Will Rogers, Jr., and Nancy Olson score in a delightful yarn of a peace-loving sheriff in a rootin', tootin' town. (F) March

✓✓✓ CARNIVAL STORY—RKO, Agfa Color: Gaudily effective drama of passion and violence on the midway. Anne Baxter has a juicy role as a German girl involved with no-good Steve Cochran and likable Lyle Bettger. (A) June

✓✓✓ CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT—Paramount, Technicolor: Wild gags and slapdash action keep Renaissance Italy jumping. Bob Hope's a timid tailor who impersonates the great lover in a plot masterminded by Joan Fontaine. (F) June

✓✓ CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON—U-I, 3-D: Exciting if unscientific science-fiction. Richard Carlson and Julia Adams find a prehistoric fish-man in Amazon jungles. (F) May

✓✓✓ CRIME WAVE—Warners: Expert, crisp thriller. Detective Sterling Hayden checks on parolee Gene Nelson and wife Phyllis Kirk, snared in a robbery plot. (F) September

✓✓ DANGEROUS MISSION—RKO, Technicolor: Gangster thriller refreshingly set in the Rockies. Piper Laurie's fled there after witnessing a racket killing. Vic Mature and Vincent Price pursue her with different motives. (F) June

✓✓✓ DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD—Columbia: Mickey Rooney's fine as a first-rate but undersized driver-mechanic lured into crime by Dianne Foster. Taut, well-scripted action. (F) May

✓✓✓ ELEPHANT WALK—Paramount, Technicolor: In a flamboyant drama, Liz Taylor's the bewildered bride of Ceylon tea-planter Peter Finch. With exotic locales and Dana Andrews. (F) May

P ✓✓✓✓ EXECUTIVE SUITE—M-G-M: A star-bright cast topped by Fredric March and William

Holden shows the intense struggle for power that follows a business tycoon's death. (A) May

✓✓✓ GENEVIEVE—Rank, U-I; Technicolor: Nice British comedy about antique-car fans. With Dinah Sheridan and dashes of sex. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ HOLLY AND THE IVY, THE—London Films: Splendidly acted though talkative British movie. Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Celia Johnson tell the intimate story of a country minister and his unhappy family. (A) May

✓✓✓ INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (A) May

✓✓✓✓ IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU—Columbia: Clever, likable comedy starring Judy Holliday as a fame-hungry girl in New York, wooed by Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford. (F) April

✓✓ LONG WAIT, THE—U.A.: Gruesome, gory Spillane mystery. Amnesia victim Anthony Quinn, accused of murder, tangles with racketeer Gene Evans and four alluring girls. (A) June

✓✓ MA & PA KETTLE AT HOME—U-I: More knockabout comedy by Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. To help son Brett Halsey win a contest, they try to convince a magazine editor that their ramshackle old home is a model farm. (F) June

✓✓✓ NAKED JUNGLE, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Neatly made thriller with a different sort of villain. Eleanor Parker comes as a mail-order bride to Charlton Heston's plantation deep in the jungles of South America. (F) June

✓✓✓ NEW FACES—20th; CinemaScope, color: Bright, sophisticated stage revue filmed with the original cast, including Eartha Kitt. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ NIGHT PEOPLE—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Crackling, well-dialogued melodrama of modern Berlin. Gregory Peck's excellent as an Army officer bargaining for the freedom of a GI kidnapped into the Red East Zone. (F) June

✓✓ PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE—Warners; 3-D, Technicolor: Chiller about atrocious murders in Paris of 1900. Psychologists Steve Forrest and Pat Medina are threatened. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ PICKWICK PAPERS, THE—Mayer-Kingsley: Mellow, adeptly stylized British version of Dickens' beloved novel. James Hayter and Nigel Patrick head a fine cast. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ PRINCE VALIANT—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rousing adventure yarn of knight-hood days. Bob Wagner's the exiled prince who seeks justice and fights treachery at the court of

Arthur. James Mason takes care of the menace; Janet Leigh, the romantic angle. (F) June

✓✓ RAILS INTO LARAMIE—U-I, Technicolor: Lively outdoor action. Opposed by old friend Dan Duryea, John Payne tackles a racket-ridden town where railroad-building is stalled. (F) June

✓✓✓ RED GARTERS—Paramount, Technicolor: Westerns take a ribbing in an imaginative musical. Rosemary Clooney runs the dance hall; Guy Mitchell trails a killer; Pat Crowley and Joanne Gilbert are decorative. (F) April

✓✓✓ RHAPSODY—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance given weight by fine music and real European locales. Liz Taylor's a possessive rich girl who loves violinist Vittorio Gassman. (A) May

✓✓✓ RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO—U-I, Technicolor: Fast, humorous Audie Murphy horse opera, with luscious Susan Cabot. Dan Duryea has an amusing heavy role. (F) April

✓✓✓ RIDING SHOTGUN—Warners, WarnerColor: Unassuming Western with unusual twists. Randolph Scott, a stagecoach guard, tries to save a town threatened by a bandit gang—nearly gets lynched. Joan Weldon stands by him. (F) June

✓✓ ROSE MARIE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Conventional operetta, full of long-loved songs. Ann Blyth's the French-Canadian hoyden, courted by Fernando Lamas, a dashing trapper, and Howard Keel, a bluff mountie. (F) June

✓✓✓ SASKATCHEWAN—U-I, Technicolor: Satisfying Northwestern. In the Canadian Rockies, mountie Alan Ladd defends Shelley Winters and other whites against warring Sioux. (F) May

✓✓✓ SIEGE AT RED RIVER, THE—20th, Technicolor: The Civil War's fought out West, with plenty of local color and vigorous action. Confederate Van Johnson steals a new Union weapon, woos a dear enemy, Joanne Dru. (F) June

✓✓✓ TENNESSEE CHAMP—M-G-M, Ansco Color: Cheerful, off-beat tale of a religious hill-billy (Dewey Martin) groomed for the prize ring by unscrupulous manager Keenan Wynn. Shelley Winters scores as Wynn's wife. (F) May

✓✓✓ WITNESS TO MURDER—U.A.: Ingenious suspense movie. Barbara Stanwyck sees neighbor George Sanders commit a murder, reports it—then can't get the police to believe she isn't a neurotic, subject to delusions. (F) June

✓✓ YANKEE PASHA—U-I, Technicolor: Florid adventure story. Jeff Chandler's a frontiersman come to North Africa to rescue Rhonda Fleming, enslaved by Barbary pirates. (F) May

Your hair is romance...



...keep it sunshine bright

with *WHITE RAIN*

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight . . . leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain . . . you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

*Use New WHITE RAIN Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

TARTAN

lets you tan... never burn!*



Be sun safe... sun sure... with Tartan. There is no better suntan lotion in the country today. Wonderfully easy to apply... greaseless... Tartan will not dry the skin. Put your trust in a suntan lotion that can say "lets you tan—never burn".... preferred by millions from coast to coast. Ask for Tartan Suntan Lotion or Tartan Cream Suntan Lotion.

* when used according to directions
Made and guaranteed by McKesson & Robbins

At all drug and cosmetic counters
in the U. S. and Canada.



Bathing suit by Rose Marie Reid... Trunks by McGregor in Bates disciplined fabric... Surf Scooter by Ideal Toy Corporation... 3-Way Radio by Sylvania... Scotch Kooler by Hamilton... Sports car by Sunbeam-Talbot Alpine... Beach towel by Martex

America's favorite suntan lotion!

I recently made a bet with a friend concerning Marie Wilson's correct age. Could you tell me where and when she was born?

SGT. R. W. MATHEWS

c/o FPO San Francisco, California

She was born in Anaheim, California, on the last day of 1917.—ED.



Marie Wilson is ageless

My husband made a bet with a buddy about when "The Outlaw" came out.

MRS. ROBERT MEAD

Deer Lodge, Montana

In 1943, withdrawn, re-released in 1950.—ED.

"The Eddie Cantor Story" was wonderful! Who played Harry Harris, the doctor?

ANNA JANE SMITH

Montgomery, Alabama

That was Arthur Franz.—ED.

Would you please tell me which picture was released first—"The Wild North" or "Singin' in the Rain"?

A/3c SAM DI ANGELO

PM San Francisco, California

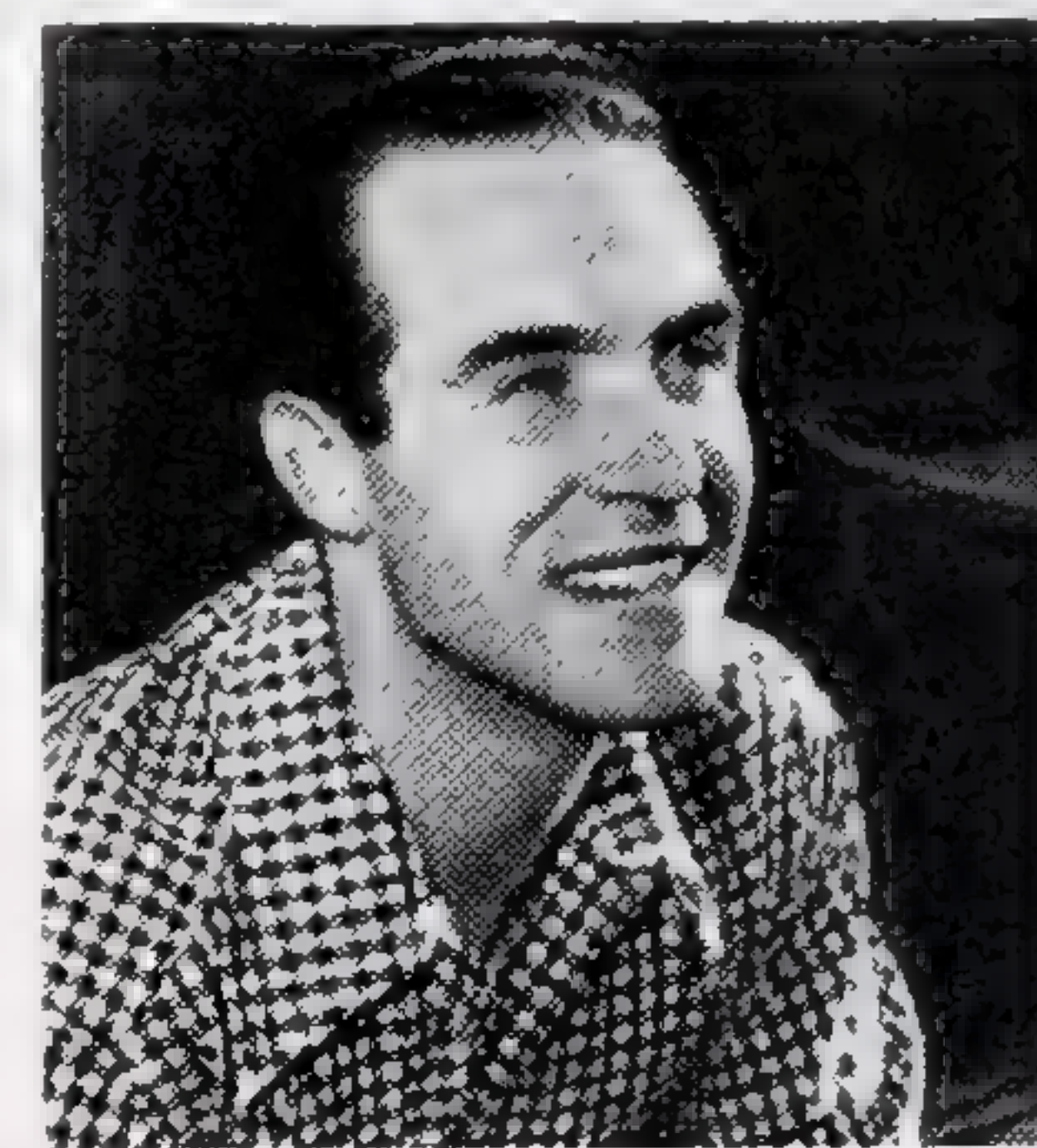
"The Wild North" was released in March, 1952, approximately one month before "Singin' in the Rain."—ED.

My girl friend and I have been arguing about who had the supporting role of Robert Taylor's uncle in "Quo Vadis." I say it was James Mason, she says Leo Genn.

D. B.

Oceanside, California

She's right. It was Leo Genn.—ED.



A round-up on Ricardo

Will you please tell me something about Ricardo Montalban, who played in "Sombrero." Is he married, what's his address?

F. I. DÖEEL

Seaside, California

He is married to Loretta Young's sister, Georgianna. They have 4 children. Write him at M-G-M.—ED.

In the picture "Decision Before Dawn," who played the German medic whose name in the picture was Happy? I have never seen him before and thought he was good.

NORA GRAHAM

Winnipeg, Manitoba

(Continued from page 6)

That was Oskar Werner, who has remained in Europe.—ED.

Please settle an argument. How old is Sonja Henie, and how many times did she win the Olympics?

EDNA ARMSTRONG
Detroit, Michigan

She was born April 8, 1913, in Oslo. She has won the Olympic Games 3 times.—ED.

I have just seen "Young Bess" and thought it was wonderful. I would like to know who played the young page, Barnaby.

KAREN UNRUH
West Hartford, Connecticut

Robert Arthur played Barnaby.—ED.

I would appreciate your telling me Scott Brady's real name and where I can get in touch with him.

ERNA ZIMMER
Bronx, New York

His real name is Gerard Tierney, and since he's been free-lancing, suggest you write him at the Screen Actors Guild.—ED.



Evelyn Keyes: She's "it"

In the picture, "The Jolson Story," who played his wife—Joan Caulfield, Evelyn Knox or Evelyn Keyes?

JOAN J. MASTSIOUS
Jersey City, New Jersey

Evelyn Keyes played Julie Benson.—ED.

John Wayne has always been one of my favorite actors ever since I can remember. Could you tell me how long he has been in motion pictures and his first starring role?

MARY ANN PERRY
Akron, Ohio

He has been appearing in motion pictures for 20 years, ever since "The Big Trail" for Warners in 1930.—ED.

I would like to know the name of the man who played the part of Grace Kelly's husband in "Mogambo."

SUSAN PETROFF
Iron River, Michigan

Donald Nordley was played by Donald Sinden.—ED.

I would like to praise Doris Day's wonderful performance in "Calamity Jane." No one can take the place of her bright, exciting, warm personality.

I would like to know her real name and her age. My girl friend seems to think she is in her late thirties. I say she's about 35.

EDLAINE FREISINGER
La Grange, Illinois

Doris Day was born Doris Kappelhoff in 1924.—ED.

Several years ago my friends and I saw "Broken Arrow," a wonderful picture. Could you please tell us who Debra Paget married? It will settle an argument.

CARROL TATE AND MARILYN VIELE
Springfield, Illinois

It was Jimmy Stewart.—ED.

FAMOUS

Helene Curtis

BEAUTY PAIR

BOTH FOR

regularly \$1.59

PLUS TAX



LIMITED TIME ONLY!

Here's a sensational offer! A big 8 oz. \$1 size of famous Shampoo Plus Egg...the shampoo that conditions your hair with the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Plus a big regular 59¢ size of famous Creme Rinse FREE!... the after-shampoo beauty rinse guaranteed to make hair soft, silky, easy to manage!

For the most beautiful hair of your life, get this famous beauty pair... at this \$1 beauty bargain price today! Hurry! Supply limited!

"This will put egg-citement into your hair!"
Robert Q. Lewis,
CBS
Coast-to-Coast.

Today's #1 make-up—in two glorious Summer shades!

Angel Face

by POND'S



Bronze Angel

For skin that tans deeply—Angel Face in rich “mocha,” the most authentic suncolor ever smoothed on with a puff!



No greasy fingers or wet sponge!
No cakey, dry look. Not shiny. A touch of the Angel Face puff smooths you, de-shines you, makes you the “coolest” girl under the sun! Pond's Angel Face is today's number-one flatterer—more women use it than *any* make-up!



No spilly loose powder!
No over-loaded puff. No “clumping” on your face. Angel Face is powder and foundation in-one. Smoother than powder, clings longer. Can't spill. There's just no make-up so *wonderful!*

Golden Angel

For a gentle, light tan—Angel Face by Pond's in this golden sun-kissed shade. Never streaky, never drying, never shiny.



Travel light! Carry Angel Face in its slim Mirror Case
Only one make-up to pack—the Mirror Case holds a seasonful of powder and foundation in-one...mirror and puff! Only one make-up to apply—freshen-up with Angel Face anywhere! Choice of 7 lovely skin tones. Just \$1*



Beloved Angel Face by Pond's also comes in this charming blue-and-gold box—in two sizes, 89¢, 59¢*
*plus tax

Movies are better
than ever...

● And "The Caine Mutiny" is another of several excellent films that have come along this year to prove it!

It's fun to see two newcomers, Robert Francis and May Wynn, introduced to screen audiences in a fine tender love story. It's rewarding to see Humphrey Bogart, Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray in such splendid roles — they've never been better.

When you're in need of relaxation, in need of shedding the cares of the day, there is nothing better than a good motion picture to take you out of this world. We highly recommend "The Caine Mutiny" as the film that can do it.

Fred Sammons

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Elaine Stewart: This water nymph dove right in for the role she wanted—and got!

Rhonda Fleming: She's in troubled waters now, but that trip to Europe may help her



Stern



Sweet

inside stuff

*Cal York's Gossip
of Hollywood*

Sun-kissed Sweeties: A lass with a delicate air—and a still more delicate skin—Piper Laurie takes her sunbathing in small doses. But with a figure like hers, not even a shady porch could put Piper in the shade! . . . Yes, there was good reason for those crazy, mixed-up, low-flying planes over RKO! For her role of the part-Cuban girl in "Big Rainbow," Jane Russell had to have creamy coffee-colored skin. So she sun-tanned that terrific torso every day on the studio roof! And speaking of Jane who loves to pound that pillow until noon when she isn't working, she's up at dawn these days. Her newly formed Russ-Field Corporation leased office space on the Goldwyn lot. Madame herself is supervising the decorating and it's quite a sight to see her in overalls

Jane Russell: Her sun baths on the studio roof had local planes dropping to a new low!

Piper Laurie: She loves to swim—but leave her in the sun too long and Piper burns!

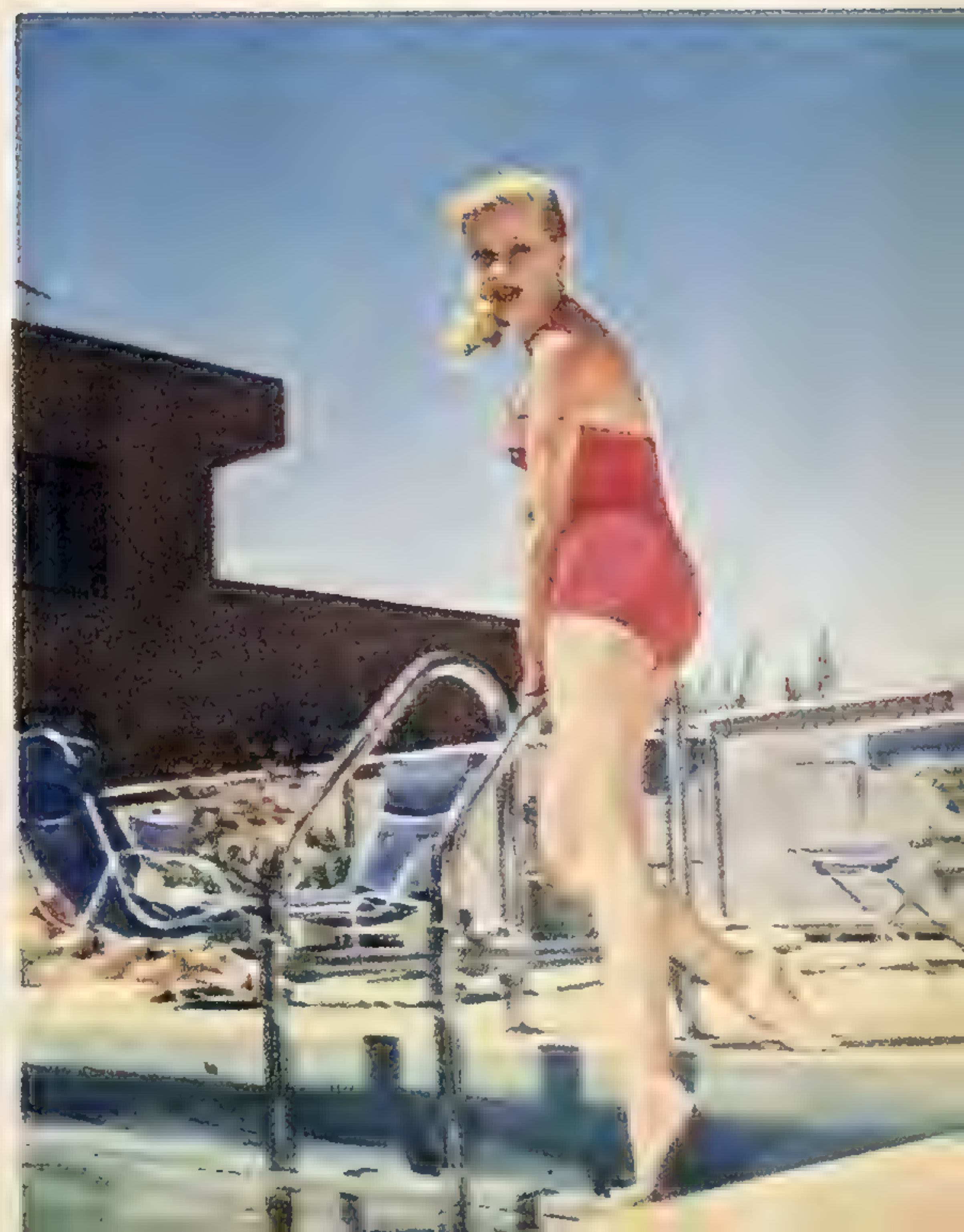


Estabrook



Blackwell, Jr.

Anne Francis: Not even Italy's sunny shores could lure her away from husband Bam Price



Fink

wielding a wicked paint brush! . . . There's a wise brain inside Elaine Stewart's beautiful head. She hasn't worked for director Vincente Minnelli since that sensational bit in "Bad and the Beautiful," which launched her career. So when she heard that Vincente needed her type in a short modern sequence for "Brigadoon," she went after the role and got it. Contrary to all those serious romance rumors, Elaine says: "Leo the Lion is my only love!" That's what the girl said! . . . Everyone knew something was bothering luscious-looking Rhonda Fleming when she arrived at the studio red-eyed to work in "Yankee Pasha." Now everyone *knows*! Rhonda and Dr. Lew V. Morrill have separated. Their courtship was tempestuous and their marriage simmered down to a series of

near-separations. The toast of Technicolor hopes she can make a movie in Europe and get away from it all . . . And while we're in Europe, Anne Francis turned thumbs down on those Italian film offers and is remaining right in Hollywood. In love with Bam Brice, she believes a husband and wife should stay together if they want to remain together. Since "Susan Slept Here," Anne's been helping Bam complete that movie he's making. It's actually his thesis and the subject deals with the effect of narcotics. They're both praying it will win him his master's degree.

Helping Hand: Cal feels confident that his readers will agree on the following. Much has been written about Guy Madison's (Continued on page 80)



"When Jimmie's away I almost starve!"

Happiness Is a

"Jim said he'd never have a cat. We have two!"

"Jim wants to live in Africa. I wouldn't mind"

"Separations are part of our work"



BY HEDDA HOPPER

Jean Simmons lives on an acre of heaven—with views that are down to earth!

● Jean Simmons had invited me to her home many times, but I hadn't managed to get there until the morning of our interview. When she phoned, just as I was putting on my new hat, to suggest she'd meet me at a given point and lead the way, I was skeptical of the need for such service, but by the time I spotted her little putty-colored Jaguar waiting at one of the hairpin curves of the highway, I was eager to encounter my guide.

I began driving behind her, and suddenly her roadster plunged through a gap in the shrubbery and onto a curving lane which wound sharply around the mountain until we were climbing almost straight up. Speeding through a breezeway, we came out on a huge, circular brick-paved court with

a swimming pool. The low gray house circled three sides of the landing spot like a protecting arm. Below us lay the world, stretching off to an infinity of sea and mountains on every side.

"How did you find this eagle's nest?" I asked. "I didn't even know it was here."

"We used to go prowling around, and one day we came on it," Jean said. "It wasn't finished—there was nothing, really—not a tree or a plant or a blade of grass. We completed the building of the house and Jimmie brought up every single thing, even that birch tree over the kitchen roof. He planted the hill all the way down to the main road—about an acre in all."

"An acre of heaven," (Continued on page 101)

Color portrait by Smith

State of Mind



BY DAN SENSENEY

The

Day

Fate

Smiled



June Haver's marriage to Jimmy Zito was unhappy but it made June a wiser, more understanding person



With Dr. John Duzik, June hoped for a new life, but his untimely death brought fresh heartbreak



Inconsolable over loss of beloved wife Lillian, Fred MacMurray all but retired from public life

Their private griefs were forgotten in the laughter they shared. They were learning to live again

● They did not run to meet him. That was the frightening thing. Always before when he had entered the house—even if it were only after a day at the studio—they had come laughing, eager, in happy rivalry to see which could reach him first. Now they stood rather too close together, the girl just into her teens, the boy younger and—waited. It was long past their bedtime. They had been waiting for hours. But not to greet him this time—rather, to know if what they had read in the newspaper and heard on the radio was true.

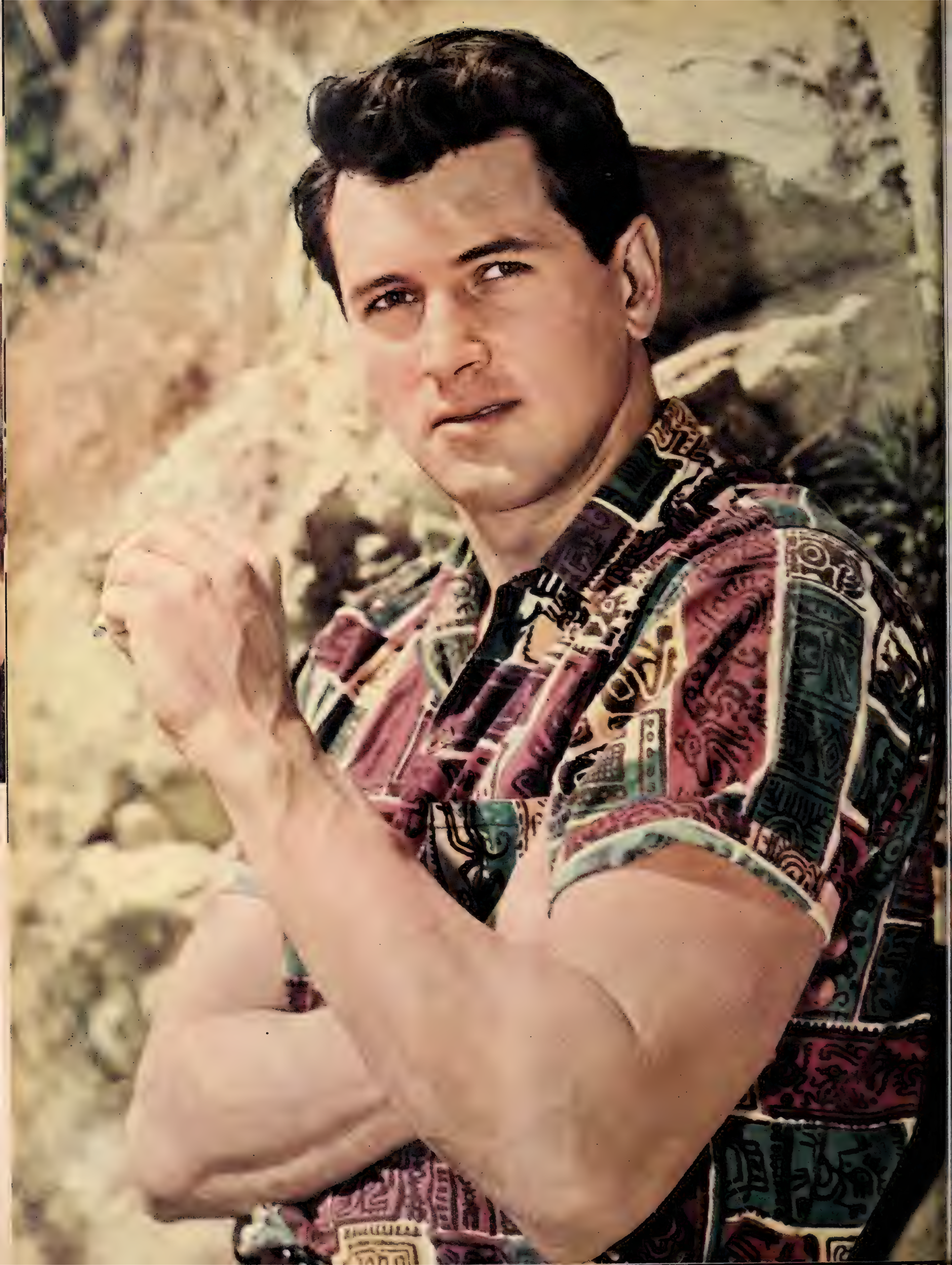
He glanced involuntarily at the nursemaid who stood a little apart, and she gave him a helpless look which meant, "I tried. But you know how Susan loves to read the paper. She saw it before I did. I'm sorry." He gave a little nod, forcing back the bitterness he couldn't help feeling. It wasn't her fault—it wasn't anyone's fault, really. Unless, maybe, it was his own.

With that thought hurting him, Fred MacMurray crossed the room to his children. He dropped to his knees, putting an arm around each, holding them close. "Susan—Bobby—" he said huskily. "I'm not married. Don't you know I wouldn't marry anyone without telling you first? Don't you know I couldn't do (Continued on page 97)



Whatever his romantic future, Fred made sure his children Bobby and Susan would trust his judgment.





Rock Hudson's Tip to Teen-Agers:

“Don't Call That Boy A Square”

BY ROCK HUDSON

● Having nothing in particular to do one evening, I made a short hop over to see some old friends. We were all sitting around laughing and talking—having one good old gab fest—when the telephone rang. Conversation came to a fast stop as Joan, their teen-age daughter jumped from her easy chair, hurling the family pooch out of her lap, and raced to the phone as if the whole world were headed for that same call. A few minutes later, she was back again.

“That was quick,” her father said, giving her a hep look. “The Crumb’?”

“I don’t know why he keeps calling,” said our pretty heroine with disgust. “I wouldn’t be caught dead with him—let alone alive at the movies.”

“Why not?” inquired not-so-hep old Uncle Rock.

“Somebody might see us together.” She shuddered at the thought.

“New-type monster?” I asked pleasantly.

“Same old kind,” said her father. “There’s a crop every year, I understand.”

“Two heads—both square,” I guessed.

“Well, no,” grinned our girl. “But it might help. At least, then he’d have a choice. It’s just that he’s so laughable. Gawky. All hands and feet.”

“Jimmy’s an awfully nice boy,” the girl’s mother said. “And he comes from a fine family. Seems to me I remember a certain young lady who went through that gawky stage herself, not so long ago.”

“Oh, mother—I wasn’t rude,” said the girl. Then she flipped, “I even said goodbye before I hung up.”

Oh, brother, girls that age don’t know how cruel they are, I thought, because I have a few memories myself of a time when I was a gawky kid back in Winnetka, Illinois.

One of my teen-age loves was a girl named Nancy. It was the most beautiful name I’d ever heard. And Nancy was the most (Continued on page 87)



Teen-ager Margie Thomas took a tip from Rock



Love is so delightful it must be contagious. Why not let friends try and catch it, reason Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean



No one was wearing red before the party so three girls changed their minds at the last minute—and wore red



Teacher Dick and pupil Terry did one of their routines. "Terry's been one of my best pupils," said Dick proudly



Food being the way to a man's heart, be he guest or host, Mitzi served a buffet supper which was fun and delicious

BLIND

PHOTOS

BY

STERN

Mitzi Gaynor's blind date party began as a dinner-time conversation. "It's spring," said Mitzi to her mother and her fiancé, Jack Bean, that evening. "And I don't need a calendar to know it."

"You're real crazy," grinned Jack. "But I love you."

"And I love you," said his girl. "That's just it. It's my theory that everyone should be in love."



DATE PARTY

"I second the emotion," was Mr. Bean's enthusiastic reply.

"And Dick Allan should ask Terry Moore for a date," Mitzi went on.

"Mitzi," said her mother. "Eat your dinner."

"Why should Dick Allan ask Terry Moore for a date?" asked the reasonable Mr. Bean.

Mitzi's reply was equally reasonable.

Terry and Dick had known each other for nearly a year. Terry'd taken dancing lessons from Dick at the Fox lot. But Richard had confided to Mitzi he'd never had nerve enough to ask. (Continued on page 79)

Sitting in front row: Mitzi, Lori Nelson, Dolores Dorn, Susan Cabot. Back row: Jack Bean, Terry Moore, Dick Anderson. Standing: Hugh O'Brian



Are MARTIN and

**Breaking through the
maze of rumors, here
are the facts about
Dean's and Jerry's feud**



LEWIS Breaking Up?

By Maxine Arnold

IT happens to every team. One of them has a headache some day and gets annoyed at his partner for something that any other day he would brush aside with a cheerful grin. Immediately the rumors start to fly hot and heavy.

It happened recently to Martin and Lewis, as it must eventually happen to every team, but there's no stopping this irrepressible pair. In the face of rumors that they've lost their magic formula and that theirs is becoming a partnership in name only, Dean and Jerry recently issued a statement acknowledging that they were in fact going to break up and go their separate ways—on July 25, 1996. This will be some forty-two years from today!

For those close to Martin and Lewis, anytime within the next couple of hundred years would still be too soon. It would seem inconceivable that either Dean or Jerry could ever really split up. They've been bound too long together by a handshake that's survived an eternity of experience. Their lives have been linked by too much—and too many.

Linked by a sea of happy faces which stretches limitlessly, by the sound of laughter—to them the most magical sound in the world—by the happy smiles of children like a little boy named Bill who sat in the front row of the El Capitan Theatre the other day watching their television rehearsal with feverish blue eyes, as though committing all of it to heart and memory. Beside him, a grave woman smiled when he smiled, laughed when he laughed and thanked Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis with all of a mother's heart for playing the whole





Are MARTIN and LEWIS Breaking Up?—continued

Two kindred comedians with the heart and humor of one

1947—on their way



When Dean and Jeanne separated, temporarily, Jerry stood by with advice, room in his home



In 1951, a moment to cherish—Patti's happy tears at surprise seventh wedding celebration



show straight to her boy—to those excited and feverish eyes which might never see them again, which might never see *anything* again. He faced an operation that might leave him blind. Anxious to give him something to remember, his parents had asked what he would like to see. "Martin and Lewis," he said with no hesitation. And so this little boy became one more link binding Martin and Lewis together in a seemingly unbreakable chain.

Their lives are linked too by all those who may be affected by the \$6,500,000 they've raised toward the eradication of Muscular Dystrophy and by their own knowledge that together some day they might well be the financial means of wiping this dread disease completely out.

The music Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have made together is the happy music.

A great team, a great moment. In 1953 they won Photoplay Awards as top team of the year

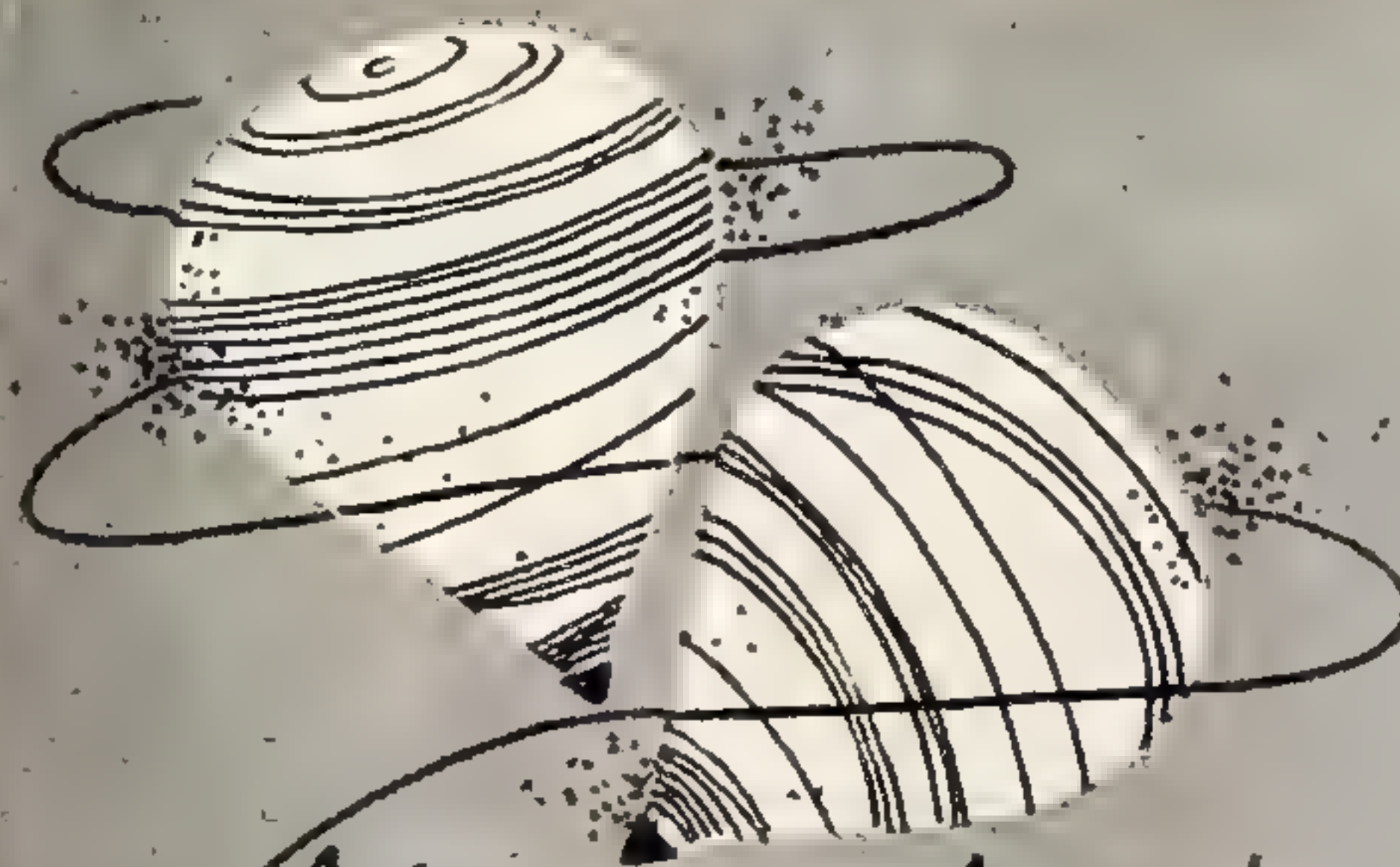


The first appearance of Martin & Lewis on TV—a team bound together by the tough times and the triumphs, by the million laughs they've had

The sweetest music this side of any place. The laughter to lighten the lives of millions of human beings the world over in tense times when they've needed it most. Laughter which must not stop.

More personally, Martin and Lewis will always be bound together by the million laughs they've had, the tough times and the triumphs they've shared since they met.

Theirs has been the most perfect wedding of talent in recent show business. Their magic formula, the heart behind their humor is an affinity almost too close to define. Together the handsome crooner and the comedian with the chrysanthemum haircut have proven themselves to millions of laughing, cheering admirers. As a team they've been indivisible and indestructible. And everyone who has tried to separate them has gotten a (Continued on page 93)



*You're the tops, Martin & Lewis
Please stay together*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Let Martin & Lewis know how you feel: P.O.
Box No. 3155 Olympic Station, Beverly Hills

Hollywood's headline hunters should take a lesson from some stars whose private lives and careers prove



Grace Kelly, here with Clark Gable, learned in time that the wrong kind of publicity has its price

IT PAYS TO BE

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● Just a few short years ago, Ann Blyth, Jane Powell, Liz Taylor, June Allyson, Jeanne Crain, Ava Gardner, Lana Turner, Shelley Winters and Marilyn Monroe were growing up, maturing in Hollywood. Today, Piper Laurie, Debbie Reynolds, Terry Moore, Grace Kelly and Elaine Stewart are in the same position the older stars once occupied. For some, stardom is an overnight miracle; for others, it has taken years of hard work to achieve success. But no matter which way it comes, the one thing both youngsters and their older sisters-in-glamour have discovered is that it pays to be good!

Notoriety is not fame—this Jane Powell has now discovered. When a star breaks the rules of decent human behavior laid down by society, he or she pays for it, even as you and I. To the public, a little less than a year ago, Jane Powell was a symbol of the perfect wife, mother and star. Her home life, outwardly, was an example of what every marriage should be. Then came not only her infatuation for dancer Gene Nelson, with whom



When Jane Powell, above with Pat Nerney, stepped out of "perfect wife" role, her career suffered

she worked in "Three Sailors and a Girl," but her outward flaunting of propriety which caused her marriage to Geary Steffen to break into a million pieces. When Jane detoured from the straight and narrow, the people who loved her were disappointed, and disapproval was expressed at the box office. For Jane herself, there is the heartbreak of a broken home for her

two young children, Geary and Suzanne, the rebuilding of her personal life and the rebuilding of her career. For those who dance to the piper must pay and pay and pay.

At all the glittering parties during recent months in Hollywood, where beauties were a dime a dozen, Lana Turner and Lex Barker drew lots of admiring attention. Why? Lana with



Jeanne Crain, with Paul Brinkman, changed her appearance—and her mind, about those “bad girl” roles



Liz Taylor (Mrs. Mike Wilding) learned that growing up is as important for your heart as for your head

GOOD



Mrs. Lex Barker is happier and far more attractive to her public than the Lana who made the headlines



Ava Gardner continues to make news—and the happiness she wants so much continues to avoid her

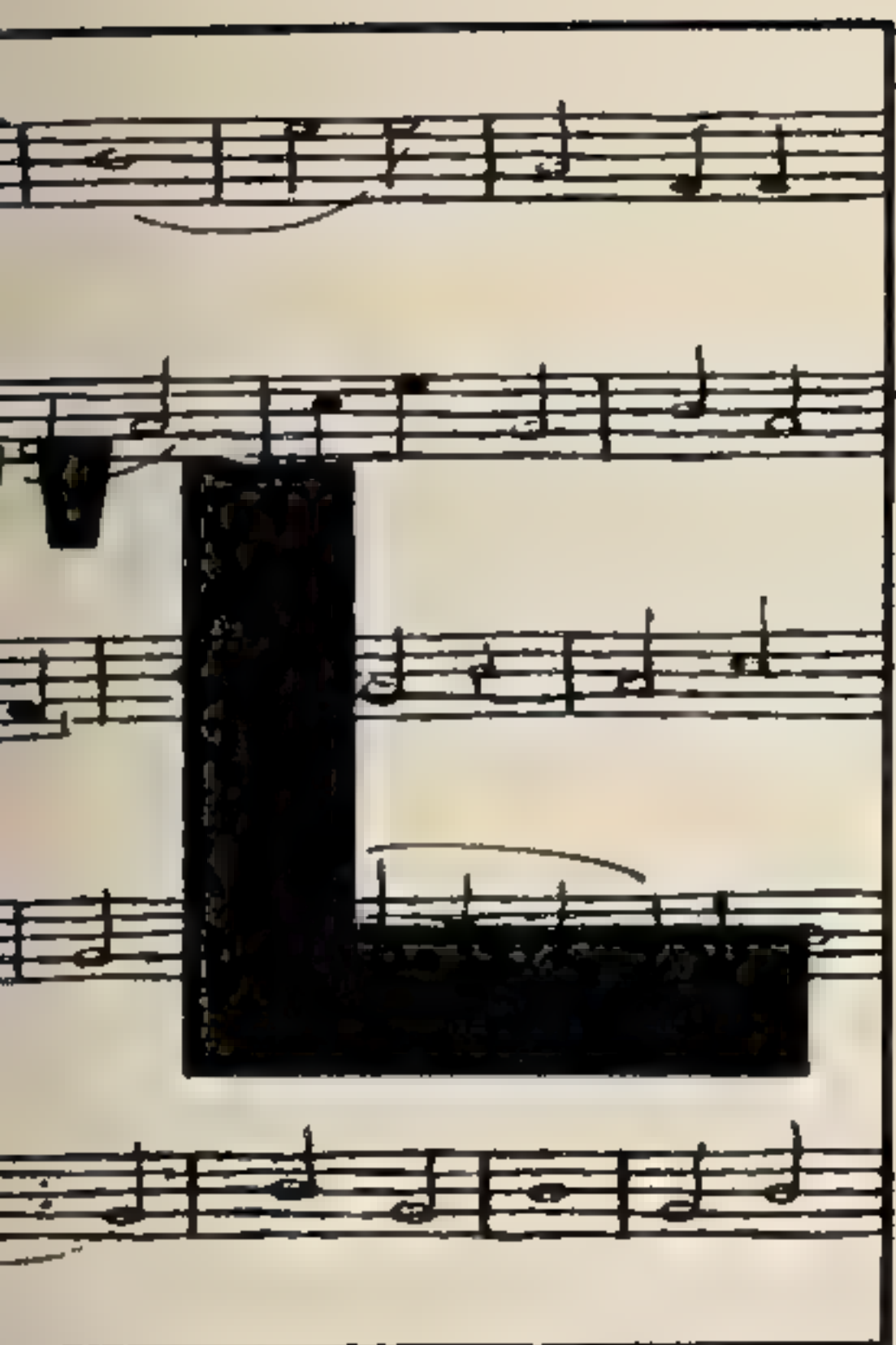
her brown hair was certainly a less flashy femme than in other days. But the very look in her eyes, the relaxed manner, the happiness spoke loudly of a woman who is loved, and, because she is loved, has an inner strength which cannot be denied. And everyone who admires her as a talented actress rejoiced with her. Her marriage to Lex Barker seems to have swung

her successfully over to the side of convention.

Lana's past amours once kept her in a most uncomfortable hot spot as top news. Lana's present calm and the obvious adjustment of her life gives the lie to one of Hollywood's tritest cracks that it doesn't matter what they say or print about you, just as long as they spell your name right. Lana

would be the first to say that when you play fast and loose with high standards in personal life, life has a way of slapping you down. Liz Taylor is another woman who has learned that the mistakes of youth can cost dearly. However, now that she is the wife of Michael Wilding and the mother of a son, Michael, Jr., she is able to look back and (Continued on page 100)





LUCKY ME"

Up goes the baton in the hand of musical director Ray Heindorf, and Doris Day's off on a recording session. All the tunes of her latest movie went on the sound track lilting with laughter right out of a full heart



● Maybe the music in Doris Day's heart was out of tune for a while, but now it rings as true as the notes of her singing voice. You remember that she began Warners' "Lucky Me" under a shadow of rumored illness. Yet the millions of movie-goers who watch her dance across the CinemaScope screen see only the wholesome gaiety that's always been the essence of her appeal. Is it just an illusion created by clever acting? These candid shots give you the answer. Snatched on the set, they show you how Doris herself actually felt. In musical numbers, the picture and the sound are recorded at different times to insure perfection in each. Doris' warm good humor, matching the film's title, was no act put on for the movie cameras—they weren't rolling. Music lifts a singer's own spirits as it does yours.





He's your



Love isn't just fifty-fifty with Scott—it's a hundred-hundred



The girl he loves will either like the things he does—or he'll change!



He can't stand moods, mystery, wants to see his girl smile, enjoy herself

Scott Brady's kind of girl would need a sense of humor; a strong constitution and the femininity of Eve. But she'd be living!

It was one of those small out-of-the-way restaurants that seems to swim in candlelight and old world charm. Scott Brady was seated opposite a very attractive young lady when she suddenly said, "She'll be very lucky." The very attractive young lady sighed and tried a sweet, sweet smile.

"Who?" asked the bewildered Scott.

"The girl you marry," she replied. "You're still looking for her, aren't you? Or are you? Tell me about her."

Scott has never been known to actually panic at a direct or indirect approach to the subject of marriage. However, when a lady has that certain gleam in her eye and it's beamed in his direction, mentally he heads for the hills. Alone. "I'm not getting married," he assured her. "I don't want to get married."

"Of course you do . . . someday," the lady insisted.

"No," he issued another denial, still managing to keep a straight face. "What in the world would I do with (Continued on page 89)

man, if...

By
BEVERLY OTT

Scott Brady is in "Johnny Guitar"



A
PHOTOPLAY
PREVIEW

The average young married couple kisses a loving goodbye on the morning of each working day. But for Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis there was a sweet hello-again almost every day that "The Black Shield of Falworth" was shooting. In this swashbuckling adventure tale from U-I, resplendent in CinemaScope and Technicolor, Tony and Janet voyage back to the lusty England of Henry IV (Ian Keith). There Tony's a courageous youth brought up as a peasant, and Janet's a lady of high degree. Her father (Herbert Marshall) brings Tony and his sister (Barbara Rush) to the royal court. The two discover that they are actually the last of the Falworths, a noble family wiped out by treachery. Tony must attain knight-hood so that he may defeat the traitor, avenge his family, save his country—and win Janet's hand.



"The Black



Wearing for the first time the red-blazoned arms of his family, Tony tackles his enemy



Schemer David Farrar, in dark armor, tries to unseat Tony as the joust nears a climax



Tony receives the spurs of knighthood from Torin Thatcher. Beyond him, his sister, his most deadly enemy and his sweetheart watch the gleaming pageantry at the court of England's king

Shield of Falworth"



THIS IS
YOUR LIFE
BY
RALPH EDWARDS

ROBERT WAGNER: valiant prince

*He had no magic sword
with which to conquer Holly-
wood. Only a dream. But
it was enough*

Color by Ornitz
Bob's next is
"Broken Lance"

● Today, yours is a magic singing sword. Your subjects number millions throughout the land. They call you "Prince"—and well they should. For you are a Prince of hearts—age seven to seventy.

They call you "Valiant." And this too you have earned. In the battle of Hollywood, you've conquered many comers and you've met challenge in any form. Yet yours has been a divided victory, for to win meant defeating, too, the lifetime dreams of those who loved you—exchanging your father's world of steel for a kingdom of celluloid.

But from childhood, yours was a magical dream not to be denied. It lay within the high walls of a motion-picture studio and in the path of lights that streaked across Hollywood skies. You fought your way into that world, not by joust nor with a sword that sings but with an instinct for acting, a willingness to work and an eagerness to listen and to learn.

As a kid, you spent Saturday afternoons in a Westwood Village theatre, thrilling as thousands of other youngsters thrilled before you to the adventures of *Tarzan*. You watched, wide-eyed, Johnny Weissmuller's leaps from tree to tree, bellowing his call of victory. Your top treasure then—a picture he'd signed.

A small voice in the crowd at the Riviera Country Club, you'd cheered a star playing polo. Name? Spencer Tracy—with whom even a dream like yours would not dare say you will later co-star.

Like any other movie fan you stood and stood in the footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese. Most of the time you tried Clark Gable's, thrilled even reading his name scrawled there, but

(Continued on next page)



ROBERT WAGNER: valiant prince

—continued



Bob's success charm was evident even at four



As "Prince Valiant," with Janet Leigh, Bob played childhood hero—and his most challenging role

you tried on others like Robert Taylor's and Tyrone Power's too. Just for size. You stood there unnoticed, just another boy in blue jeans and T shirt trying on footprints too large for him, dreaming about those whose names are immortalized in cement. With a kid's curiosity, you wondered how they'd put them there. . . .

Today you know—every print must find its own way. The story behind any of them could be this story of a movie fan who became a star. Your story, Robert Wagner. And here is your

answer. For this is your life. . . .

It begins one day in February, the tenth to be exact. The year is 1930—the same year a serene blond star named Ann Harding is being foot-printed to fame; a tow-haired kid named Jackie Cooper is becoming America's boy; and a handsome husky from Ohio is fluttering the first of many hearts who will hold him dear through a long motion-picture career. a guy named Gable. Gable is later to play an important part in your own, but you couldn't be aware of it then. For



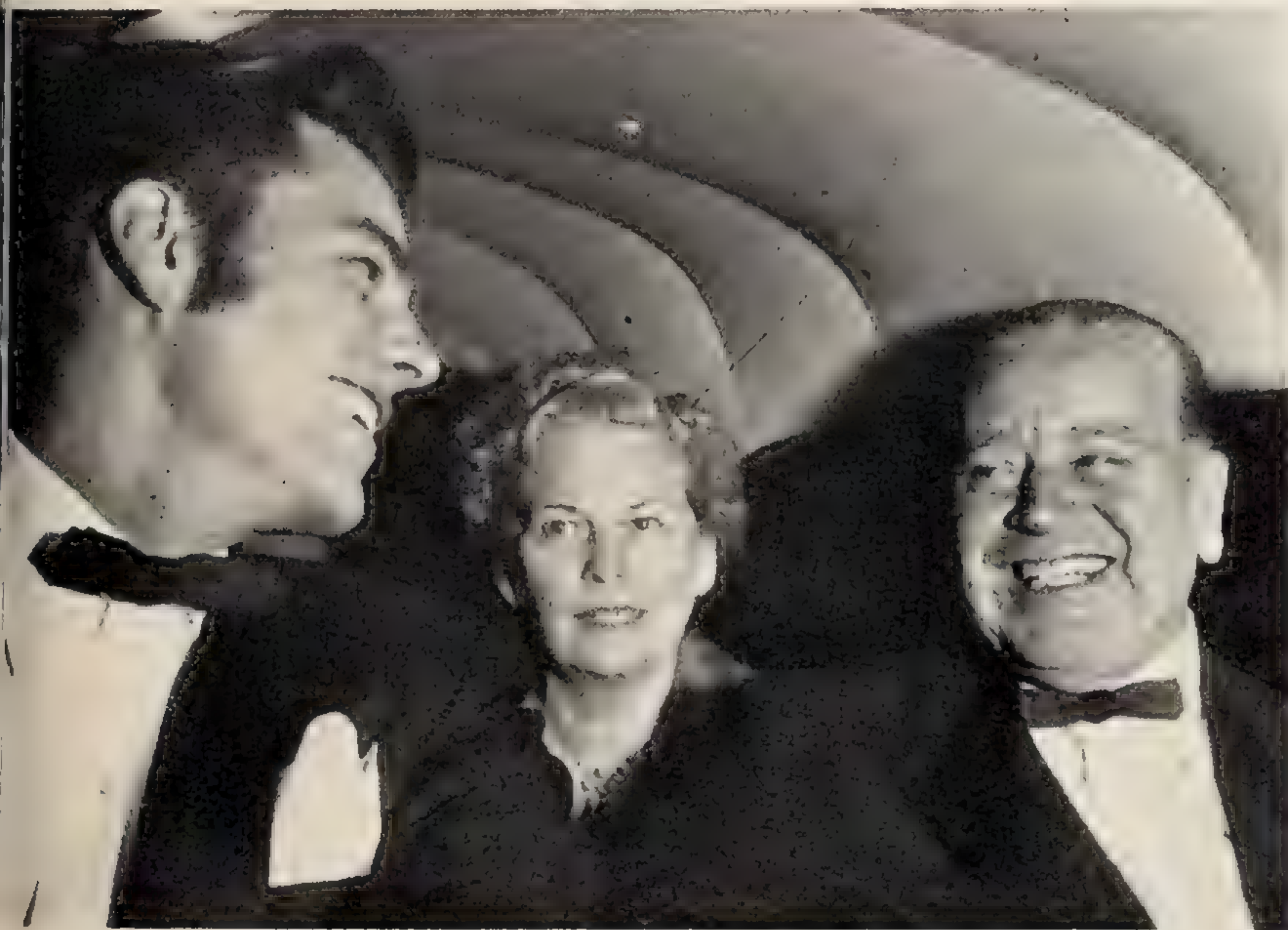
As the young soldier in "With a Song in My Heart," with Susan Hayward, Bob won acting spurs



Things began to happen fast to Bob. Now he had his own apartment, reveled in bachelor life!



In New York, with Terry Moore, he knew thrill of being a celebrity to Ed Sullivan and others



Bob's dream was not theirs, but today his parents take pride in their son's self-made success

Proud, too, is Bob (here with Janet) of Photoplay Award he won as fastest rising young star



the biggest news in your block in Detroit, Michigan, is that a son has been born to a paint salesman named R. J. Wagner, Sr., and his lovely wife, Hazel Boe.

In Detroit, the first years of childhood drag slowly by—while Hollywood footprints a glamorous blond named Jean Harlow and salutes America's new sweethearts Marie Dressler and Wally Beery for "Min and Bill." . . .

But in 1937, you too are in Hollywood. Director William Wellman, later to guide your destiny, directs to fame "A

Star Is Born" and for "Captains Courageous". Spencer Tracy wins Hollywood's Academy Award, while Gene Autry is winning the West, armed only with a guitar. Mickey Rooney, as *Andy Hardy*, is an endearing part of every household in the land. The twinkling feet of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are still making history. And a vigorous executive at 20th Century-Fox's studio, named Darryl Zanuck, is being hailed a star-maker for his faith in unknowns. Like that trusty triumvirate, Tyrone Power, Don Ame-

che and Alice Faye. Little does he know then that there arrived, special delivery, a seven-year-old he will some day discover, too, and star—initialed "R. J."

This is the year your parents move to Hollywood. They send you ahead on the train, pinned to you a note of instructions addressed to a matron named Mrs. Pierce, which says, "This is Robert Wagner, Jr. Please deliver to Hollywood Military School." With you is your sister Mary Lou, age twelve. Your father (*Continued on page 84*)



Sometimes I wonder what we'll do
for laughs when she leaves
our home as a bride. And I envy the
girl who'll be my grandchild!



"When Deb falls in love, I'll know it. She's a shouter!"

my girl, debbie

BY MAXENE REYNOLDS
as told to MAXINE BLOCK

● The letter that arrived yesterday morning worried us. My youngest brother in El Paso, Texas, just eighteen and in his first year of a four-year college scholarship, announced his plan to marry immediately if he could get my consent. When Debbie came home from the studio and heard the news about her young Uncle, she cracked up a storm and began spluttering.

"The dope! Marry at eighteen! Holy cow! With three years of college ahead of him? He's only a baby. Why—why, I'll buy him a ticket to Paris—anything. Only we must try to talk some sense into him," Debbie begged her grandmother, who is visiting us.

Debbie's fuss ended, however, when Grandmother pointed out that she had no right to interfere—any more than she would if Debbie made such a decision. If Debbie wanted to write her Uncle her views—all right, but it wasn't up to the family to influence him one way or the other.

Debbie's like a lot of teen-agers I know. She's been brought up to use her mind to make her own decisions. And thank goodness. For how else does one prepare a daughter to take the good steps, the



Deb signs autographs at Scout ball game. Both Deb and her mother are scout counselors

my Girl, debbie

Continued



With M/Sgt Paul Lillar. She's never too busy or tired to entertain the troops



Dates don't have to be a big production—just fun. Tab Hunter is a favorite date



With her sister-in-law Joyce, niece Gail. Deb loves her home, refused own apartment

right steps toward adulthood and marriage?

Debbie's ideas against early marriage are strictly her own. Her own brother Bill married at nineteen. I married at sixteen—and very happily—so I've never tried to influence the children one way or the other. Dad and I have tried to show Debbie what constitutes a good marriage indirectly, and listening to her views at present, I think we've succeeded.

Once, when Debbie was a little girl in El Paso, she watched me setting four places at the table for dinner. It was even before the birds and bees period of explanation! Debbie appeared to be thinking deeply, looked up at me and said, "When I get big, I'm going to ask ten children to come live with me—not just two. What do I have to learn to have my own house?" I told her she could practice taking care of children with her own dolls, that she'd learn more and more each year and by the time she was ready to marry, I hoped she'd know the answer.

Today, I think Debbie knows how to run a home of her own, even though, because of the demands of her career, she has had less time to practice household arts than other girls of her age. Yet, I feel confident she'll make out all right.

What mother ever thinks she's done a perfect job on her children? None. And that's as it should be. What I've done for Bill and Debbie is try to make them self-reliant and to respect not only others but themselves, too. Debbie's grandfather used to tell her, "Live by the Ten Commandments and you'll be all right."

Debbie was born in El Paso on April Fool's Day, 1932. Dad was a railroad carpenter on the Southern Pacific in that town. When she was eight, Dad was transferred to Los Angeles and we found a house in Burbank. We're still there, and Dad is still on the job. Our home is about twenty miles from Debbie's studio, M-G-M, but it's thousands of miles away as far as the glamour and razzle-dazzle of Hollywood is concerned.

None of us would have it any other way. Our home was, and is, run for the family as a whole. We share pleasures together and we share responsibilities together. When Debbie was very young, I gave her duties, such as setting the table, helping with the dishwashing, making her own bed and picking up her clothes in her room. On the last, though, I've never had much success. And when I talk to the mothers of Debbie's friends, I find they haven't had any (Continued on page 90)

COOL VACATION CLOTHES



ANNE BAXTER CURRENTLY IN R.K.O.'S "CARNIVAL STORY"



Anne Baxter models our buy-of-the-month dress of pink cotton and orlon, with deep-cut scoop neckline softened by tiny tear drops of pearls. Flare skirt accented with white rickrack. Needs no ironing, dries in an hour! Also aqua, blue, lilac. 7-15. \$8.95. By Kaytron. Saks 34th St. Jewel-dotted linen handbag by Magid. Pumps by Confetti, at Franklin Simon.

For "Where to Buy" turn to page 83

FOR MORE FASHIONS ➤

PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS
PRESENTS

COOL VACATION CLOTHES

Continued



Left: Judy Lynn happily suns herself in a fun-loving white twill halter and shorts set. Cuffed shorts have handy, navy slash pockets, halter has bra construction. 32-38. \$3. By Lovable. Silk scarf by Baar & Beards
Right: the perfect partnership for play. Polly Bergen likes little-boy chartreuse cotton suit that takes cover when out of water under a matching jacket. 32-38. \$9. Brilliant. Large red hoop earrings by La Tausca. \$2
Far right: Jan Sterling is the biggest catch on the beach in gay gingham romper suit, form-fitting, zippered up the back. Green and purple plaid. 10-16. \$12. Rose Marie Reid. Hat by Madcaps. U. S. Rubber shoes

For "Where to Buy" turn to page 83





PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS
PRESENTS

COOL VACATION CLOTHES

Continued

JOAN WELDON IS IN WARNERS' "THEM"



Left: For wilting summer days, Joan Weldon chooses a crisp cool suit. Cardigan jacket, to belt or not, with push-up sleeves, slim skirt and perky polka-dotted sleeveless blouse. Wrinkle-resistant. Comes in white, red, natural, navy. 10-18. \$30. By Printz Biederman. Shortie gloves by Wear Right.

Right: Polly Bergen wears this pretty butterfly-dotted cotton dress with deep round neckline, shirred skirt. All-wool white sweater is trimmed with dress-matching collar and cuffs. In aqua, pink, yellow on white. 8-16. \$20. By Serbin. Jewelry by La Tausca. \$2 each. Wear Right gloves

For "Where to Buy" see page 83

PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS
PRESENTS

COOL VACATION CLOTHES

Continued

Jan Sterling smiles right back at the sun in a perfectly molded jet-black linen sheath. Tiny sleeves cap a wide-away velvet-trimmed neckline. Also in navy. 8-18. \$35. By Richard Cole. For drama: jeweled linen pumps by Confetti at Franklin Simon

For "Where to Buy" see page 83



PHOTOPLAY PICTURE GALLERY

STARS IN ACTION

When Tony Curtis heard he was at last going to do a musical, he leaped with joy. He went on leaping in dance rehearsals with Gene Nelson for "Three Gobs in Paris." "Whoever said dancing was sissy stuff ought to try a few routines with Gene," groaned Tony. But after the initial aches and pains, Tony began to enjoy his role as a song-and-dance man. Says Gene, "Tony's a natural." Maybe some day the public will be seeing a musical in which the co-stars are Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis!

Tony is also in "Johnny Dark"





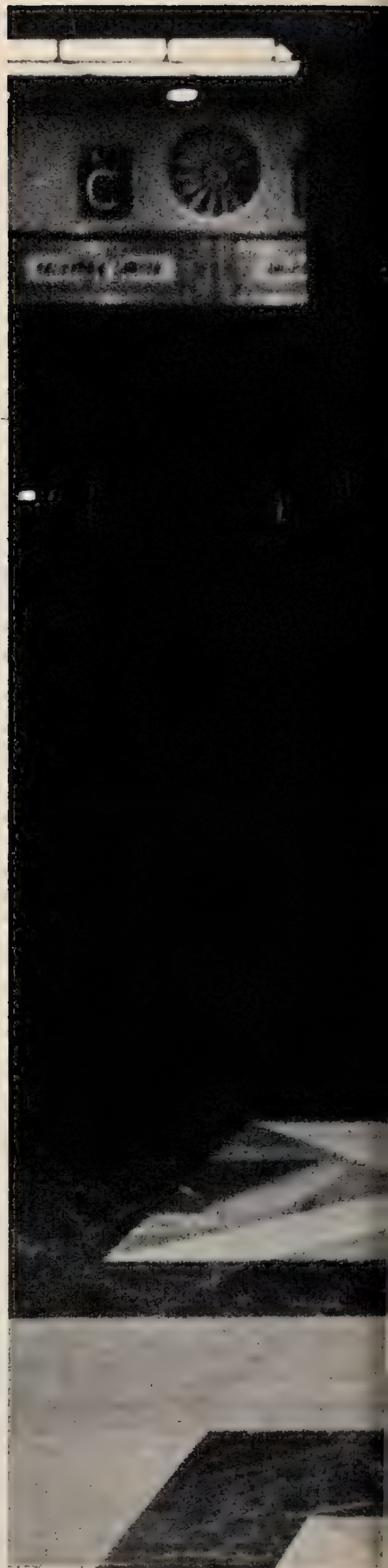
Frank Sinatra is next in "Suddenly" and "Not as a Stranger"

A WONDERFUL REUNION

Two of the proudest kids in the world watched Frank Sinatra step up to receive an Oscar for his great performance in "From Here to Eternity." They were Frankie, Jr. and Nancy, Jr. When the news was announced, Nancy began to cry from sheer joy. At dinner that night, the children had given their father two medals—a St. Anthony and a St. Genesius. Looking at them, Frank knew he had to win. For on the back of the St. Genesius medal was a small Oscar—and the inscription, "to daddy—all our love from here to eternity"

THIRTY MINUTES 'TIL GOODBYE

When accordionist Dick Contino came back from Korea, the first girl he saw was Piper Laurie. And when Piper left for a short visit with relatives in Detroit, the last boy she saw—was Dick Contino. Both deny it's a romance—insist they're just friends. And it's a fact they're both dating others. But maybe Cupid's just being coy. Because Dick rushed all the way from Glendale to Los Angeles' Union Station to say goodbye to Piper. He hadn't even had time to buy a farewell gift. But the fact that he was there seemed enough for Piper. And when her train pulled out, Dick watched it until it disappeared!



PHOTOPLAY
PICTURE
GALLERY

Continued



Piper Laurie appears in "Johnny Dark"

PHOTOPLAY PICTURE GALLERY

Continued



Tab is in "Return to Treasure Island" and "Battle Cry"

A CHAMPION TAKES THE HURDLES

Horses have been tops with Tab Hunter ever since he was a kid of twelve. But in the last year he's had little time for his favorite sport. Tab's been concentrating on his career. The public went for him in his first film, "Island of Desire." But the producers claimed he couldn't act. Tab knew it was up to him. He studied hard, won the co-starring role with Marilyn Erskine in road show, "Our Town." His acting brought the critics' acclaim and producers to his door

Blind Date Party

(Continued from page 49)

Terry for a date. She always seemed to be going out with five other guys . . . and . . . well . . .

"Think of all the kids who would make cute couples and they don't even know it," sighed Mitzi.

Operation Cupid was underway. Before the evening was over, the party was planned. Comprising the guest list were some of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor boys and bachelor girls—Terry and Dick, Lori and George, Susan Cabot and Dick Anderson, Dolores Dorn and Hugh O'Brian. Next day, Mitzi called to invite the girls. Jack phoned the boys. The inevitable question, "Who'll be my date?" was answered with mysterious stretches of silence, followed by double talk, ending with "Wait and see."

The girls planned to arrive early. Dolores was first. She'd made up her mind to wear a blue gown, then decided upon her new red dress. Mitzi met her at the door. "Twins," she whooped, standing there in her chiffon creation. Terry, coming up the steps, heard her. "Triplets," she corrected when she reached the door. Terry was also wearing red. When Lori arrived, the girls breathed sighs of relief. "Now here's a girl who dares to be different," Dolores declared. Lori wore pink.

Just then Susan Cabot appeared in the doorway and Jack went to greet her. She looked around. "Where's everybody?" she asked.

"Here we are," volunteered Hugh.

Then Mitzi appeared. "Here we are," she grinned. "Come on in."

So Susan went in and pretty soon the girls came out and there was a flurry of introductions. And for an ice-breaker Mitzi organized a game of charades, during which Hugh O'Brian's idea of "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" nearly broke the floor.

Mitzi and Jack beamed as the couples paired off. Lori and George took to one another right away. They're both quiet, both very serious about their careers. She'd seen him in RKO's "Carnival Story," in which he has a lead. He'd heard raves about her performance as Nora in the scene from "Here Come the Clowns," which was featured in the Universal-International stage show, "Inside U-I." They talked about acting and they talked about travel. George had made pictures in India, Sweden and Germany. Lori talked of the film festival in South America which she'd recently attended.

"You make a beautiful corpse," said Hugh to Dolores.

"Why thank you," said Dolores to Hugh, taking no offense.

She was a victim of the killer in "Phantom of the Rue Morgue." However, she's very much alive in "Lucky Me" and currently under contract to Warners. Hugh obtained his release from Universal-International to freelance, and was signed by Fox for a role in "Broken Lance."

Dick Anderson, who's in M-G-M's "Student Prince," dubbed tiny Susan Cabot "Half-pint." Susan (in "Ride Clear of Diablo") likes tall guys, used to date Rock Hudson. Dick occasionally squires Debbie Reynolds and Vera-Ellen.

After everyone devoured the buffet supper provided by Mrs. Gerber, . . . Terry and Dick were talked into going through one of their dance routines. "Terry's one of my best pupils," said Dick proudly.

Kids left shortly before midnight, leaving a thoughtful host and hostess sitting dreaming beside the pool—happy as a couple of Cupids.

THE END

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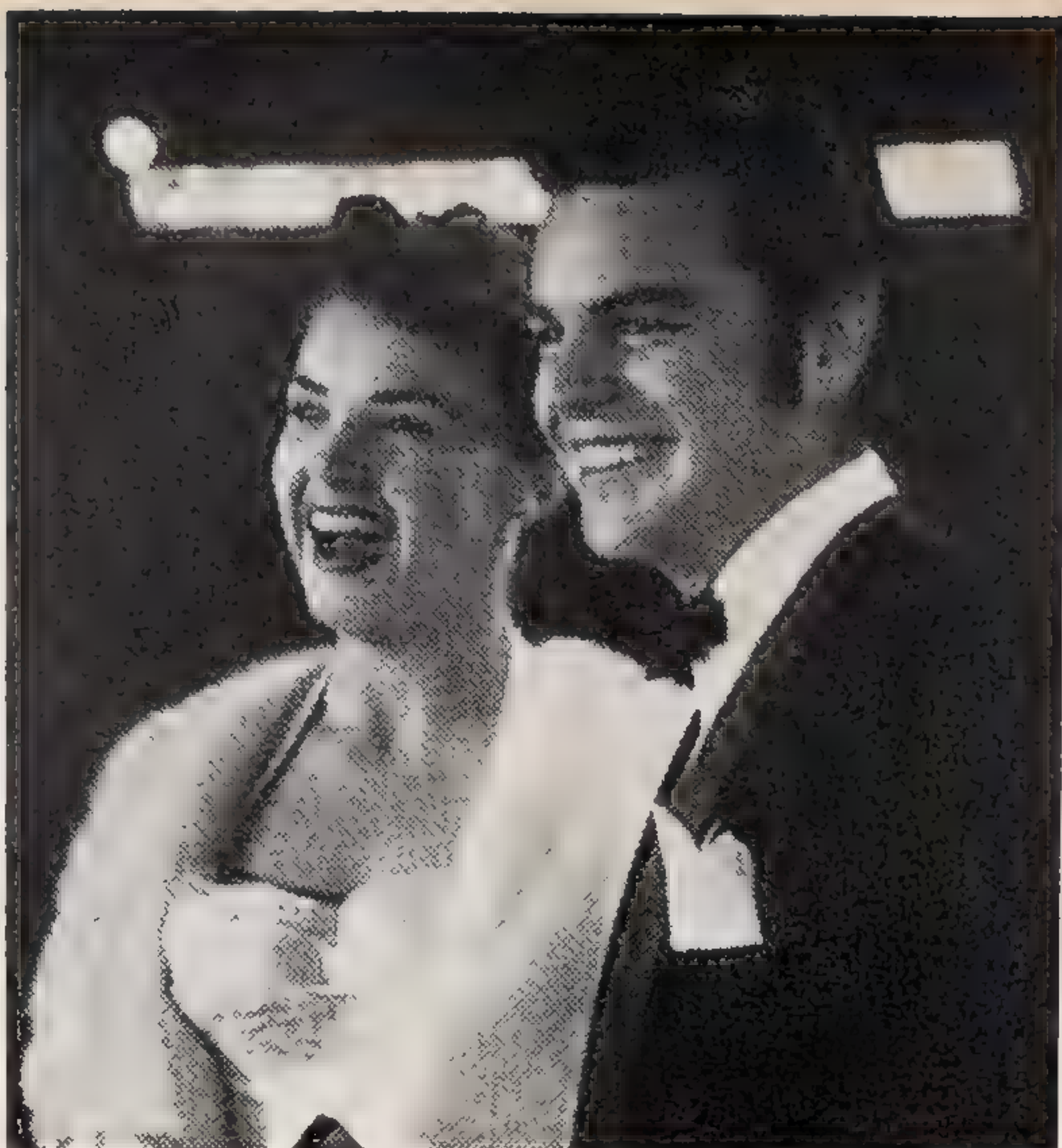
Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with Gardol give continuous protection around the clock.

*COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

inside stuff

(Continued from page 41)



Jean Peters had flu relapse, lost role in "Woman's World." Above, with Bob Wagner



Guests shed tears. Julia Adams, Lori Nelson, at Suzan Ball's wedding



Premiere party: Rory Calhoun, here with wife Rita, co-stars with Jean Simmons in "A Bullet Is Waiting"

There'll be no going back together for the Nelsons, who announced that attempts to reconcile have failed



devotion to Gail Russell and rightly so. Gail's brave attempt to regain her health and find peace of mind is something to comment about too. She's attending lectures in Beverly Hills conducted each week by an admirable religious man who teaches "right" thinking. Gail's trying hard to help herself, so let's all add our prayers to hers. If ever anyone deserved them, she does!

Many Happy Returns: Jane Powell wore Pat Nerney's gift of gold-encrusted watch and earrings on her twenty-fifth birthday. They took her children to lunch in the patio at Frascotti's on Wilshire Boulevard, and Debbie Reynolds who was twenty-two on the same day joined them. Robert Dix (now at M-G-M) son of the late matinee idol, Richard Dix, was Debbie's date that evening. "Why is it," she sighed wishfully to her mother, "I always fall for the name of Bob?" Señor Wagner please note!

Today's Target: For Cal's cold cash, Donald O'Connor did a brilliant job at MCing this year's Academy Awards. Following instructions, he kept things light and gay. However, for the first time in his life, the press let him have it. He was accused of lacking in dignity, maturity and showing little respect. After the first blast, poor bewildered Donald called his close friend. Marilyn Erskine. "I tried my best," he said sadly, "what did I do that was so wrong?" Wise in her way, Marilyn comforted him: "You were wonderful, Donald. Everyone goes through the same thing. It just happened to be *your* turn!"

Son Up: World War II hero, Audie Murphy, now thinks the Army is pretty good. He was out making personal appearances when the stork suddenly decided to make a forced landing. Audie and the ambulance arrived simultaneously at his front door. On the way to the hospital they were

forced to detour because of a fire. Then, in all the excitement of getting his wife to her room, the expectant father discovered he'd left her packed bag in the ambulance. Despite it all, James Shannon Murphy weighed in at eight healthy pounds. "And looking," says Audie humorously, "just like an Indian chief!"

Academy Award Sidelights: So typical, modest Bill Holden wouldn't walk into Chasen's carrying his highly deserved Oscar. So his wife sneaked it in under her furs and then set it up on the table where they celebrated with close friends. . . . Since winning the acting award, the change in Frank Sinatra is heartwarming. Not too co-operative in the past, grateful Frankie drives all the way in from Palm Springs to keep appointments with the press. . . . When Grace Kelly confided she'd turned down Clark Gable's proposal in Africa, she provoked skepticism. But if

she could persuade him to escort her to the Awards—his first time in fifteen years, looks like Gracie could be the King's queen of hearts. . . . And now it can be told! At the eleventh hour, hysterical Gene Tierney tried to get out of her stint. She was forced to postpone her unexpected rendezvous with Aly Khan in Mexico until the next day!

Cal Wonders: Where those rumors start that all is not well between Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush. Currently her career seems to be gaining a faster momentum, but Jeff is so enthused for her. They had a ball together at the Argentine Film Festival and their obvious devotion thrilled the natives. . . . When Zsa Zsa Gabor is going to learn that too much publicity is much more harmful than none at all. Insiders report that women's clubs have subtly suggested that studios instruct the uninhibited Hungarian actress to stop living her life on daily front pages!

Stork Club: Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding are saying right out loud that they want another baby and *soon*. First they have to find a larger house, so in the meantime M-G-M waits and wonders! . . . And the Ronald Reagans face the same situation. They may add a room where they are, however, if the stork outsmarts them. . . . Mrs. Edmund Purdom has the most glamorous maternity costumes. Mrs. Tyrone Power who wore 'em first gave them to her. . . . Rory Calhoun to a reporter who called to ask if they were *expecting*: "The only thing we're expecting is a new outboard motor I ordered!"

Man Power: Most movie stars have to watch that waist line but *not* Robert Wagner. He can't gain an ounce, so he's working out in a Westwood gym to build up a body beautiful. . . . Dale Robertson's sharing a valley house with former Argentine polo player, Manuel Rojas. You'd be so surprised at the names on their long list of lonesome ladies who offer to come over and cook dinner. . . . Poor Tab Hunter didn't work for a year. Then he played opposite Claudette Colbert in her first tv pilot film and now Warners won't let him sign for the series!

Home Fires Burning: Cute gag Janet Leigh pulled on Tony Curtis who was working and unable to accompany her to New York to exploit "Prince Valiant." Jan bought a dozen thick novels and instructed the book store to deliver one daily to her husband! . . . Marilyn Monroe was Jane Russell's neighbor long enough to move into a house and right out again. Crowds parked out front all day in hopes of getting a glimpse of the famous DiMaggios. . . . And when Alan Ladd learned Richard Widmark was going to make a London movie, the thoughtful guy cabled the owner and secured the house the Ladds rented for the Widmarks. (Continued on page 82)



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inside stuff

(Continued from page 81)



Oh, her aching feet! Ava Gardner warms up with footbath on "Barefoot Contessa" set



Gene Tierney and Aly Khan. The question is no longer if they'll marry—but when!

That Old Feeling: Now that everyone realizes Doris Day was really ill and not temperamental, all hatchets are buried. And Doris *is* so well these days, she even called the publicity department and requested a portrait sitting—her first in two years. When she walked into the gallery, the gang had a red carpet at the door. There were signs posted that read: "Welcome Home"—"You Know Who We Love." Doris laughed and cried at the same time.

Sour Note: Before he left for the "Bengal Rifles" location, with Arlene Dahl, Rock Hudson dashed into a Beverly Hills record shop. He had about ten minutes to listen to new recordings and then he was due at the city hall for publicity pictures. Suddenly, a group of hysterical teen-agers spied him in the glass-enclosed booth. They swarmed around it, turned the key and stood there gazing rapturously at their idol. Rock would have been amused—if he hadn't known the Mayor was waiting! The store owner finally sprung him!

The Facts, Ma'am: It isn't exactly news that Jimmy Stewart is a pretty even-tempered, easygoing guy. But recently, while he was on location in Florida for "Strategic Air Command," one of those smart-alec troublemakers buttonholed him. "Why do you make so many pictures with June Allyson?" needled the pest. "Don't you two get sick of looking at each other?" Jimmy started talking fast! "She's one of the best actresses in Hollywood," he said. "I like June personally, she's always good luck for me because our pictures make money—and it's *still* none of your business!"

Change of Heart: Twentieth called off its two-million-dollar breach of contract suit against Marlon Brando. Under psychiatric care, he walked out on "The Egyptian," but will now play Napoleon in "Desiree" instead. The sudden death of his mother, who was visiting a sister in Pasadena, touched Marlon deeply. He rushed to the coast immediately,

and since this unhappy event, he's a changed man.

Idle Thoughts: Wonder if Grace Kelly's secret love really is Jean Pierre Aumont, as whispered? Some say her various dates (including Gable) are merely to throw people off the trail. . . Will Leslie Caron eventually leave Hollywood? Essentially an artist seeking self-expression, she's still trying, but not too successfully, to adapt herself to a spotlighted existence here. . . Is Pier Angeli quietly planning a campaign to emulate Jane Powell, Jeanne Crain and Anne Baxter by going on the glamour kick? Pretty Pier, who's been dating Kirk Douglas again and Richard Anderson, too, isn't too happy with her role of Miss Mouse on and off the screen.

Romantic Rumors: Handsome George Nader (he's terrific in "Carnival Story") doesn't want to go steady, not even with Barbara Stanwyck, whom he admires tremendously. . . And Joan Crawford's recent date whirl with Franchot Tone was strictly for fun and not for publicity, as some say. . . Remember back a husband or two ago when Rita Hayworth was the gal Fernando Lamas hoped to date the most? Well, he's now dating Mary Castle, who looks like Rita's twin.

The Truth Is: Jeff Chandler's been christened into a new world of music. He's getting a terrific kick traveling from city to city to plug his new record with disc jockeys. . . Although the little daughter of Ursula Thiess has been in this country only three months, she speaks perfect English. Her teacher was the devoted Robert Taylor.

Predictions: That Eleanor Parker will marry famous artist Paul Clemens. When you see them together, you understand why. . . That Lana Turner and Lex Barker will be on the stork's waiting list before the year is out. They want it this way because they're so much in love. . . That the divorce trial of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker will

make unhappy history for Hollywood. His fight-it-out-to-the-finish ultimatum is the result of failure to settle their differences out of court. . . That his advisors will succeed in convincing John Wayne a marriage to Pilar Palette is inadvisable, careerwise—and they have nothing against the lady personally.

Lights, Camera, Action: A torn ligament (which necessitated a cast from ankle to thigh) postponed Elizabeth Taylor's new picture. But Stewart Granger drove her to lunch with Michael Wilding at 20th where Mike was making "The Egyptian." Stewart, of course, lunches with Jean Simmons, who's in the same picture. . . Girls! Now hear this! In "Three Gobs in Paris," Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson and Paul Gilbert do a musical strip tease right down to their shorts. The big news of this picture, however, is Tony's singing. He played his first recording for Cal, and it sizzles with sex appeal. . . Humphrey Bogart, who delights in needling his new leading ladies, didn't uncurl a hair on Ava Gardner. Those typical Bogartisms during "Barefoot Contessa" only amused her, and they got along famously.

News and Views: It's another son for the Gordon MacRaes, which gives them two boys and two girls—or, as Gordy puts it, "A perfect family". . . Since seeing "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth wishes she didn't have one more picture to make for producer Hal Wallis. She's great. The picture isn't. . . And while we're checking out of studios, the day Greer Garson moved out of M-G-M and into Warners Leo the Lion handed her a phone bill for thirty cents. . . Fortunately, Bob Wagner was on location in Nogales when police found a fan under the bed of his Westwood apartment. Believe it or not, he was waiting to get an autograph! . . . The taste and talent of designer Jean Louis rates him a life-long friend—and customer. Betty Grable was so thrilled over her gowns for "The Pleasure's All Mine" that from now on her personal wardrobe will feature Jean Louis labels.

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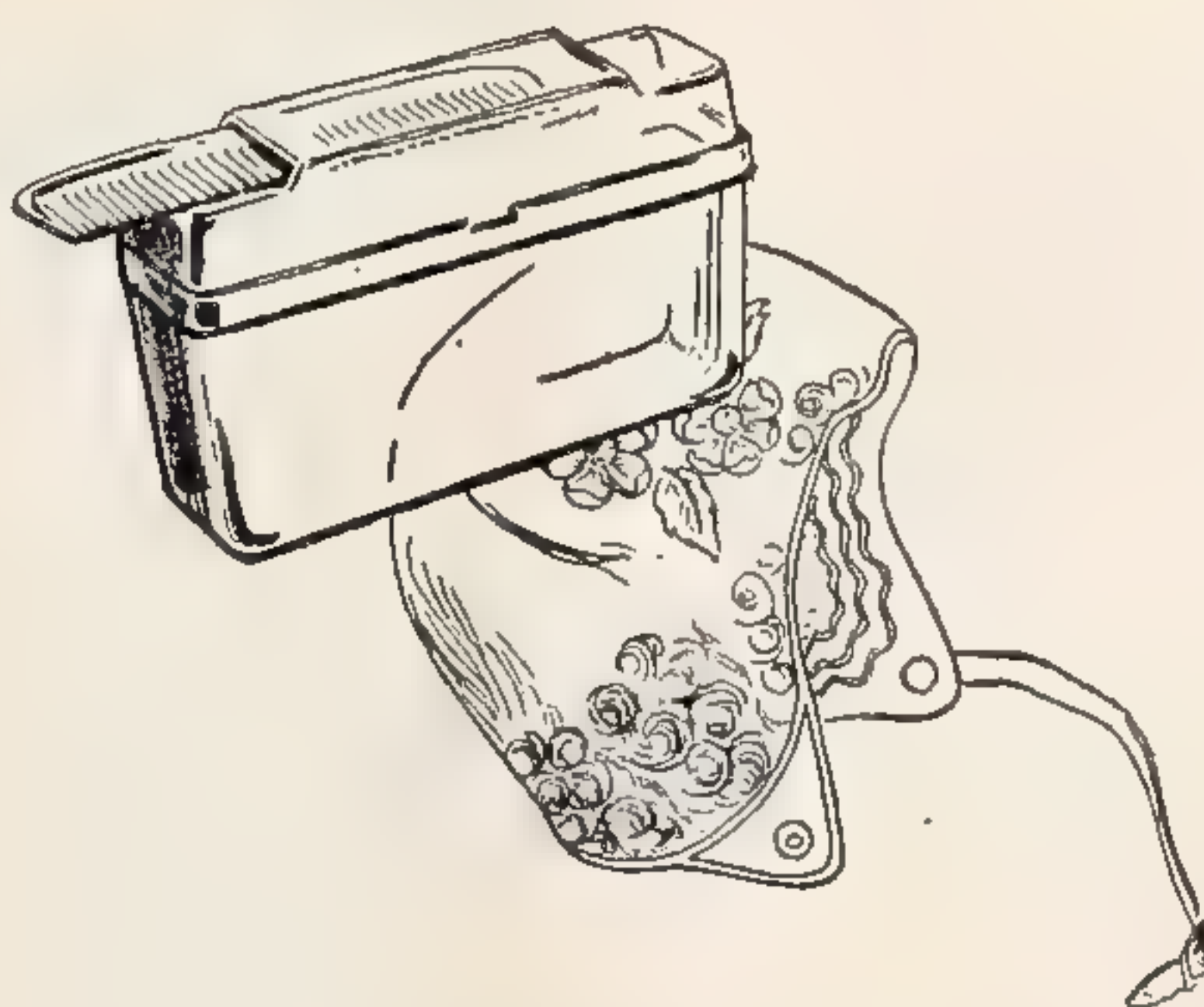
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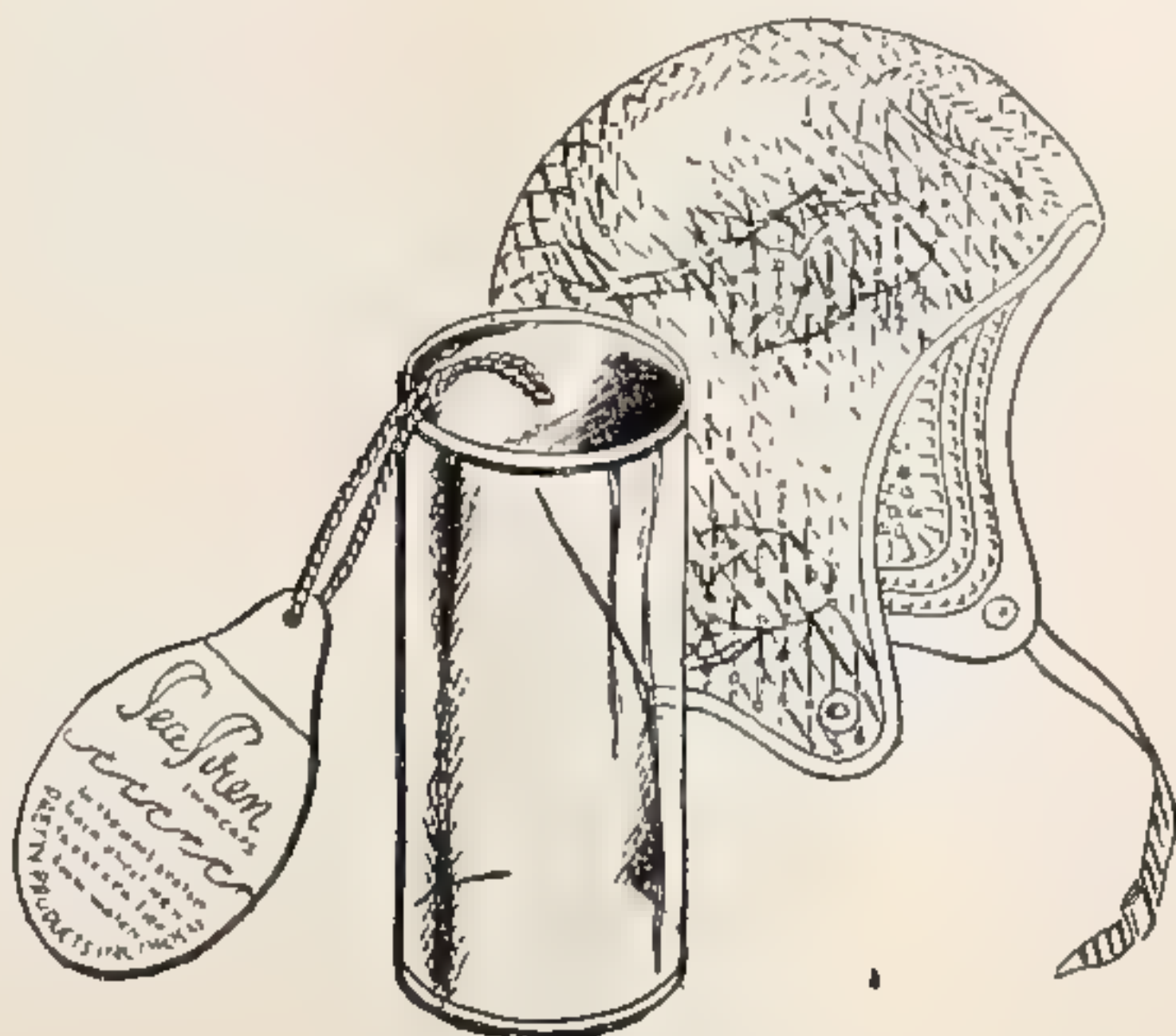
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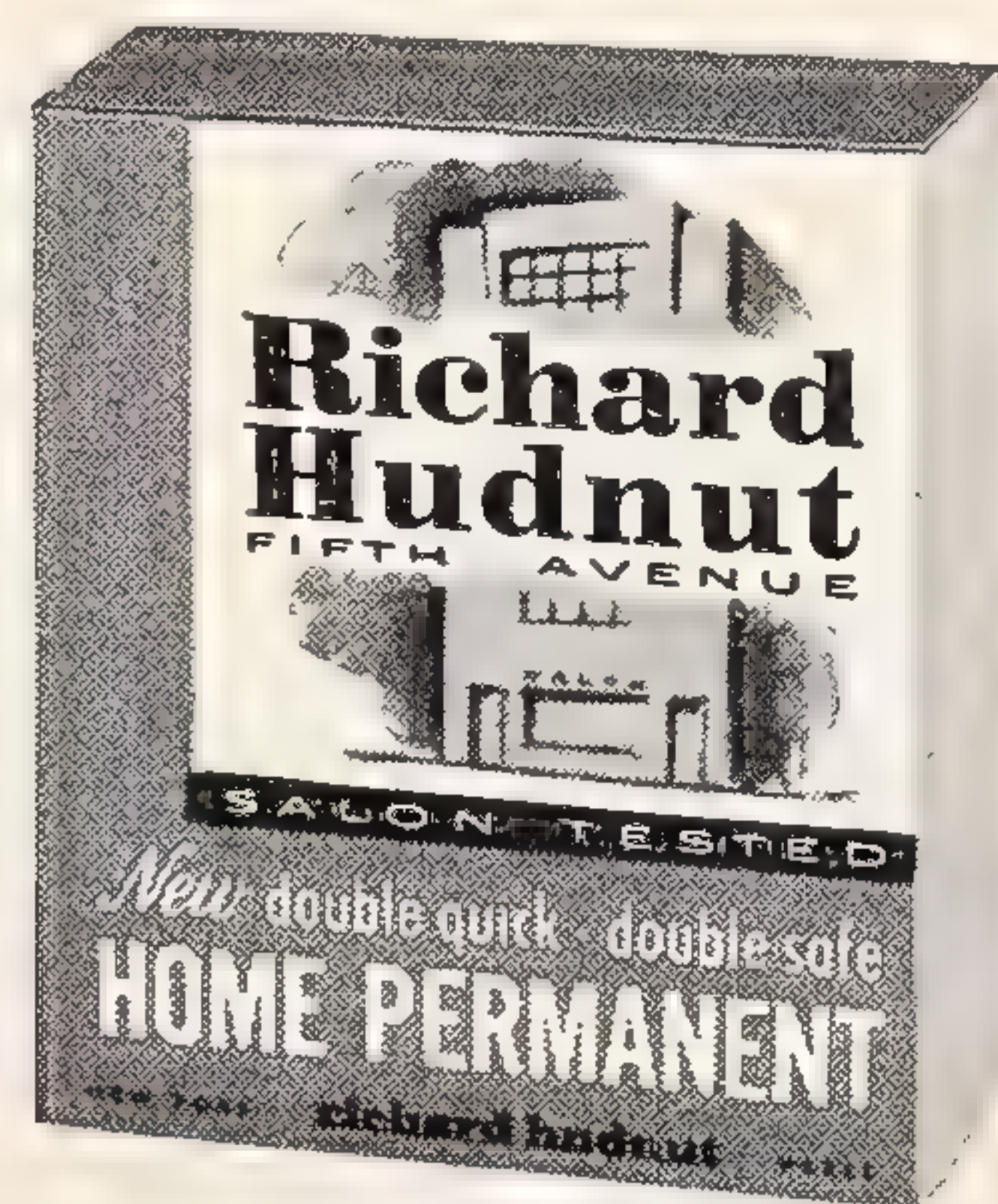
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\$1.50 plus tax

RICHARD HUDNUT

(Continued from page 65)
has stayed behind in Detroit to settle business problems before coming West to become a manufacturers' representative for the steel industry.

Christmas 1937—a day you will never forget. Santa Claus brings you a squirt gun and a bicycle and an electric train. But better than that—to a lonely little boy—he brings your parents in time for the whole family to celebrate Christmas Eve together in your new Bel Air home.

This really is the year to remember. It marks your first appearance on the stage—in Hollywood Military School's production of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." You play *Priscilla*, complete with costume and curls. But your manly honor is avenged with pathos in the challenging part of the cripple *Tiny Tim* in the Christmas play. And this is the year, too, that your imagination is fired by the daring and brave exploits of a comic-strip character called *Prince Valiant*.

Athletics you like. And you excelled in swimming, diving, tennis and track. However, schooling in less active subjects holds small interest for you. Impartially, you try them all: Fairburn Avenue Grammar School, Emerson Junior High, Black Foxe and Harvard Military Academy. Some you leave. Others invite you to. At Black Foxe in Hollywood, they put it politely at the end of the term. If you want to come back, if you will apply yourself, if you will be regimented . . . but, for you, there's too much marching and too much discipline. At Harvard Military Academy too many demerits mean too much marching. And one day when a classmate delivers a jibe while you're marching off a few of them, you start a one-soldier riot on the field. Yes, you always were an active boy, as a boyhood friend, John Derek, can well affirm.

"You can say that again, Ralph. R. J. was always plenty fast on his feet. He was three years younger than the rest of our group and small for his age. But he was always tagging along the way a young kid will tag after bigger guys, always wanting to get in on things. We kept our horses at the same stable in Bel Air and rode together. We went to the movies in Westwood and we hung out at the same malt shop. And wherever we went, there with us or ahead of us was R. J. He learned to drive an old '39 convertible I had. After my break in pictures, we didn't meet for some time. Then one day photographers were shooting a magazine layout of me in Westwood when I heard his familiar

'Derr.' He told me he'd signed with 20th Century-Fox and was prepping for some tests there. I'd spent some time at 20th and nothing had happened. With all the good-looking guys with experience sitting around waiting to work I was afraid it would be the same story for him. My break had come right out of the blue, or I'd still have been sitting, too. I wished him luck in the movies, but I wasn't too hopeful. Although I should have known R. J. wouldn't miss out on any action. He never had."

These are typical teen-age years for you, Robert Wagner. With the help of your pal and neighbor, Bob Green, today Lieutenant Robert Green, U. S. M. C., you build a hot rod combining a Model-A Ford and a Mercury engine. You spend Saturdays sanding it down and knocking off the chrome. It clocks 120 miles an hour at the Lakes. The hottest rod in upper Bel Air. At sixteen, sweater girls are edging out jalopies in your life. Like any teen-ager today, you're plagued by the folks' famous last words, "Where are you going?" Also, "What time will you be in?" One morning you get in pretty late. As I'm sure you recall. . . .

"Do I? I'd borrowed my dad's car for a big date that previous evening. We'd been looking at a few lights of the city and were returning when something went wrong with the fuel pump on the car. I got home at 4 A.M. and my folks were really burned up. They thought mine a very unlikely story and said so in no uncertain terms. Later that day when dad took the car to work he got stuck with the same trouble. 'I'm sorry about last night, kid,' he said when he got home. Next day? New fuel pump."

In 1946, as today, in any teen-ager's life, truth seems sometimes stranger than fiction.

Your friend, Lieutenant Robert Green, now stationed at Camp Pendleton, remembers still another time when half of Palm Springs was out searching for both of you.

"At least half, Ralph. We were living in Palm Springs and 'J' was dating a beautiful little blonde. The four of us went horseback riding early one morning. In an adventurous mood, we didn't want to stick to the usual trails. We wanted to go where nobody else ever went. And we just about did. We rode clear up to the snow. Tired and hungry, we got lost on the way back home. There was one silver lining. It was so dark, and the girls were so scared they couldn't keep close enough to us, riding back. We got in around eleven P.M. to find

search parties out looking everywhere for us. My father had his own searching party. So did Uncle Bob, 'J's' dad. For a while there—joining the Foreign Legion seemed like a fine idea."

During your own normal, eventful teen years, a blond star by name of Betty Grable has been pinned up all over the world and her famous legs imprinted in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese. A crooner from Spokane, Bing Crosby, has won Hollywood's highest acting honors for "Going My Way," and time is growing shorter between now and that fateful hour when you too must decide your rightful destiny. . . .

Through Jack Anderson, a friend of Warners' talent-head, Solly Biano, you get a reading at that studio. He likes you, but three days later there's a strike and the studio closes down. To earn spending money you haunt places of employment where you can brush shoulders with the stars. On Saturdays you cover Clover Field, presumably a salesman but usually polishing stars' planes and firing questions at them. When you won't accept a tip for polishing Brian Donlevy's plane, he leaves you the money anyway and says, "Here, kid. Go buy yourself a book on dramatics." You two are to meet again in a few years guesting on the show at the Stork Club in New York, where you're making personal appearances with your first starring picture, "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef."

Through a school friend, Carol Lee Ladd, you meet Alan Ladd and ask his advice. You take a job caddying at the Bel Air Club, making seven dollars a day and a million dollars worth of acting tips from Clark Gable, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire and Ken Murray. Eh, Ken?

"As I remember, there were a couple of shots when I needed *Prince Valiant* for a caddy too, Ralph. Bob was a good-looking kid. Quiet, well-mannered, with a quick alert mind and his eye always on the ball. It was apparent to me then that whatever Bob did he would do his job well. Go the whole distance."

P.S. However, to you, Robert Wagner, in 1947—that distance still seems too far. . . .

Yours is one of the voices in the glee club of St. Monica's High School at Santa Monica—remember. . . .

"All hail Alma Mater
Green and Gold our colors hail.
We'll sing to you always
On and on through all the years.
For all the Santa Monica's
Our love will never fail.
All hail to Alma Mater
To the Green and Gold all hail."

Here at Santa Monica's for the first time you feel you have an Alma Mater. You realize the serious importance of an education and regret those years you might have studied more. Although a non-Catholic, you're impressed by the unselfishness of the priests devoting their own lives to helping others without monetary reward. One in particular, Brother Hilary J. Deering, a young Irish priest with red hair and humorous brown eyes and a thick brogue, is a great inspiration to you. Long after his own weary day is through, he works tirelessly at night and on Saturdays in the physics lab with you, tutoring you on the alloys and the processing of steel and preparing you for the future. However, at first, yours is a more immediate incentive, as Brother Hilary will remember well.

"Indeed I do, Mr. Edwards. R. J.'s father had promised him a trip East with him during the Easter recess if he mastered his studies of steel. And R. J. really wanted that trip. But as months went on,

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he matured a great deal both in his thinking and serious application to his work. We spent a great deal of time together. He introduced me to my first Notre Dame football game and to driving in the California traffic. I had driven in Ireland, but I was hesitant to drive here until R. J. got me out into the traffic and gave me confidence. As a student, his increasing application of concentration to his studies was very gratifying. I was amazed from the first—for one who admittedly had made small use of it—by his retentive memory. He was preparing for the steel world then, but instead the celluloid world captured him. . . .”

You, R. J., are impressed by the hours the priest spends preparing you for the business world, and you respond gratefully. According to the high school annual, “The Compass,” your favorite saying this senior year is “That’s very dapper,” and your favorite pastime “listening to Louis Armstrong.” You make the glee club, you’re active in dramatics, in swimming and tennis, and you are touchingly overwhelmed when the students vote you senior-class president.

It’s June 12, 1949—commencement. You’re handed a green leather diploma and you are on the threshold of an exciting new life. A life which will surprise some of your classmates, including Bob Smith—today a very successful insurance man.

“I was in Korea with the Seventh Army when I saw ‘With a Song in My Heart,’ and realized the shell-shocked soldier was R. J. I hadn’t even heard he was in the movies. In school, he was a devil-may-care, easy going kid. To see him portraying such a serious role—and doing it so well—I was surprised. All the guys thought he was great. I kept thinking I went to school with this kid, but I never realized he had so much on the ball. Yet,

when I thought about it, the more I realized it was always there.”

It was always there, all right, and although you make every effort to prepare seriously for the place your father has made for you, your own dream remains. You work in steel mills back East this summer, learning firsthand everything from the furnacing and milling to the marketing of steel. You take a job in your father’s office going after new accounts. He pays you a retainer of two hundred dollars a month and plans to divide the profits with you at the end of the year. For a boy of nineteen this is a bonanza. For your father it means the fulfillment of a lifelong ambition. But you yourself know this is not your life. Nor can it ever be. Your heart is within those studio walls and sound stages you pass on the way to work each day. One night, the night that is to change your whole life, you tell him. Nobody knows better than you, R. J., just what happened that night.

“Looking back now I was pretty selfish, Ralph. I didn’t know then what a blow it would really be to Dad. How many plans he’d made for the two of us. He was disappointed all right, but how disappointed he didn’t let me know then. And me—I was concerned with what I wanted to do. Even though I’m sure he hoped it would prove just a whim, when I asked Dad to back me for a year, he agreed. If he hadn’t, I could have become embittered and resentful, and he could have changed my whole life. What a guy!”

September 1949 and “What a guy!” is right. When nothing happens to help you realize the dreams that mean your own happiness, your father seeks advice from an old friend, director William Wellman, who gives you a double bit in his M-G-M picture, “The Happy Years.”

In your first scene, you play a tough catcher on a kids’ baseball team with a

catcher’s mask completely covering your face. You make \$37.50 for the day’s work, and, tired but happy, you insist on celebrating by taking your parents to dinner at The Beachcombers Restaurant in Hollywood and paying the check. A few years later, you are to celebrate there another occasion—the most exciting event of your life.

Even behind a catcher’s mask director William Wellman sees great promise in you. Suppose, Bill Wellman, you tell us why.

“Because I made Bob do a bit part that needed an experienced actor, Ralph, and Bob played it like a professional. All I remember advising was, ‘Think you can do it and you can.’ But I can’t take any credit for discovering Bob Wagner. As much as Bob wanted this, he would have stuck to it no matter how long until one way or another he got a break. I tried to get M-G-M to sign him, but they thought I was crazy. They couldn’t see him at all then.”

Yes, despite director Wellman’s personal pitch, the talent department there discourages you, advising you to go to New York and study for two years, get yourself an agent and then come back and talk to them. Nor will Wellman’s agent handle you. He explains kindly that he cannot give you the time and attention a newcomer should have.

Finally, the big management corporation, MCA, agrees to sign you if you will study at Pasadena Playhouse for a year. You arrange to meet at the agency on a Monday morning. But on Sunday night at a friend’s restaurant, the Beverly Gourmet, you’re clowning around and singing with the piano player, whom you know, when a star-maker, Henry Willson, observes and sees screen possibilities in you. He sends a note to your table, saying if you’re interested in being in pictures to

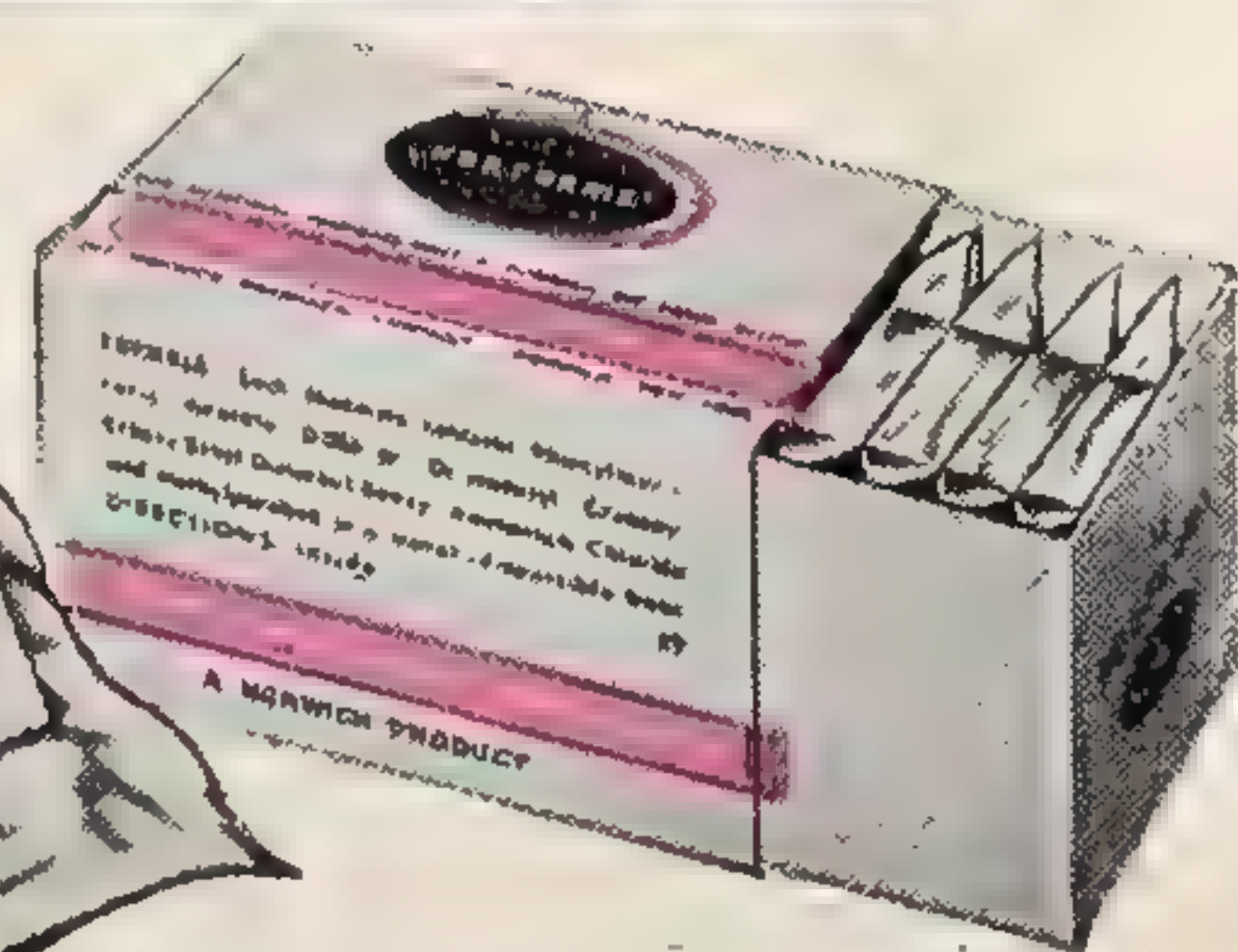
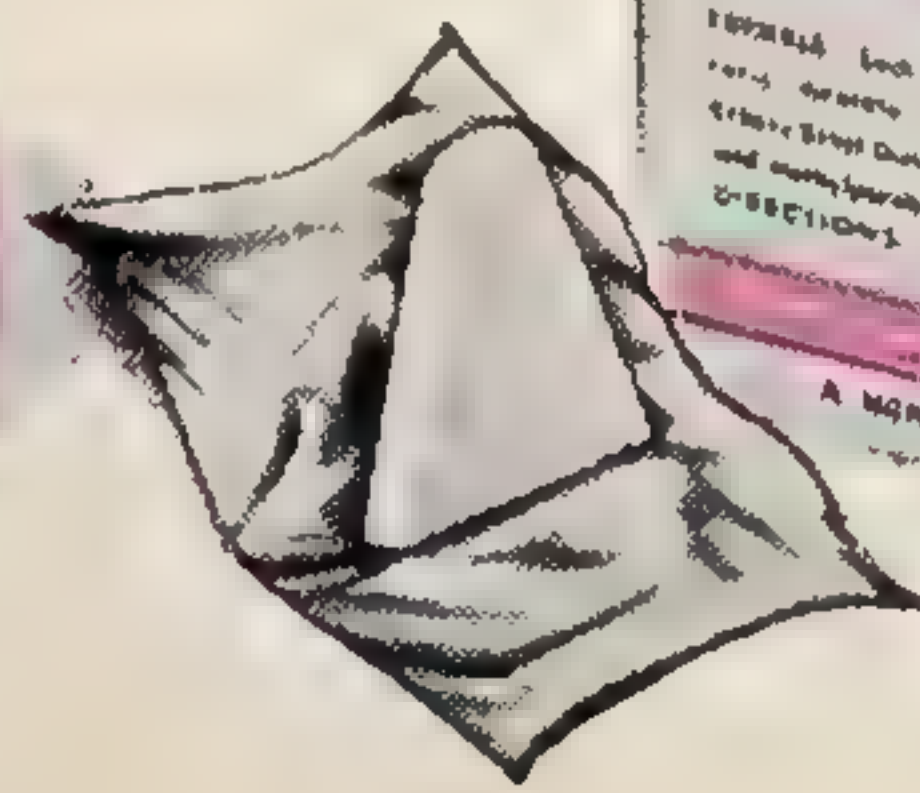
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2. Deodorant (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no “medicine” or “disinfectant” odor themselves.

3. Convenient (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They’re greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

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bring your father along and come to his office the following day.

"What did you see, Henry, that night that so impressed you?"

"The changing expressions on his face, Ralph. I watched his face mirror every thought and word—this, together with his looks and bright clean personality. Bob has a sincerity and a relaxed quality that comes right across that screen. He has, too, the unusual star-making ability of making every characterization believable while projecting his own personality in every part he plays. Given the opportunity, I was sure he couldn't miss."

The autumn days roll on in 1949, and you get that opportunity. You test for the lead in "Teresa" at M-G-M, and out of one hundred fifty tests, yours gets studio raves. Fortunately for you, New York executives decide not to risk using a boy who's had neither stage nor screen experience, for Darryl Zanuck signs you at 20th Century-Fox on the strength of that same test and puts you successively in top budget pictures—so great is his own personal faith in you.

So in 1949 those studio gates you've envisioned swing wide open for you and you step inside the magic never-never land. You're given the small part of a Marine in "The Halls of Montezuma," and wisely enough, you know, Robert Wagner, that you too have only just begun to fight.

You earn your studio stripes that first year, working overtime convincing some of the frankly skeptical that this really is your life. That for you acting is no summer inspiration, no game you're trying for kicks and size. You haunt sound stages from early in the morning when the first crew arrives until the last arc light dies. The stages darken and the night shift strikes the sets, but the studio lot is still an enchanted world to you. You spend hours in the cutting rooms, talking to cameramen, rehearsing with the studio drama coach, Helena Sorrell.

Soon stars, producers, directors, gaffers and grips, all of them are with you. Cameramen "reload" to cover you when you fluff a line, giving you time to regain confidence. Gaffers "blow a light" to give you a chance to make another and better take. In "The Halls of Montezuma," Richard Widmark observes you're getting lost in a scene as one of many Marines going over a hill and tells you, "Look, kid, take your time. Next take, slow down and stay close behind me." You do, and the camera is full on you all the way. Dick Widmark puts that close one right in your lap. But he takes no credit for ever helping you.

"If I did, well, it's easy to help someone you like. You can tell when a kid's out for a fast buck. Bob was never that way. He was always eager to learn. He had a basic instinct for acting and the talent to get some place. He has a lot of years in this business. I'd have given my eyeteeth to play the part he's playing in 'Broken Lance'—and playing well. I remember telling him that first picture I'd be supporting him before I was through. Sure enough, in my last picture at 20th, I'm supporting him."

In 1951, director Walter Lang and the late Lamar Trotti pick you for the wonderful bit—a shell-shocked soldier in "With a Song in My Heart." They say it will do a lot for you. And it does. A Bob Wagner fan club forms. You have your own fan publication, "The Wagner World." Director John Ford casts you as the love interest in "What Price Glory."

But before his picture rolls, tragedy overtakes you for the first time in your twenty-one years.

You go water-skiing at Lake Arrowhead. Robert Jacks, later to produce "Prince Valiant," is driving the boat. You

and another friend are skiing tandem behind. You fall and his knee hits you in the side of the head, knocking you out cold. Later a doctor assures you there's no serious injury. But two weeks later, you go to the hospital with a punctured eardrum and a serious brain concussion. You spend weeks flat on your back before you entertain the dark thought that this may well be the end of your dream. For one who's been so athletic, yours is the tragic thought, too, that there will be no more physical activity. But Lady Luck doesn't desert you now, and you are to portray just about the most strenuous role ever enacted on the screen.

It's 1952, and with 1953 comes "Titanic." Darryl Zanuck is steadily shooting you to stardom. Motion pictures have still lost none of their glamour for you. You live, breathe and love your work. During a love scene with Terry Moore in "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef"—but let Terry tell this.

"R. J. surely does take his work seriously, Ralph. I can vouch for that. During an underwater love sequence, a shark came between us. R. J. just held me with one arm and pushed the shark away with the other and went right on with the scene."

Nobody could blame him for taking that one seriously.

In 1953, you reach full stardom in "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef." You and Terry Moore make a personal appearance at the New York opening. You're thrilled by the dazzling marquee and thrilled as a fan of Jackie Gleason's to meet him and guest in his television show.

December 1953 sees you portraying your own childhood hero. Producer Robert Jacks picks you for *Prince Valiant*—a triumph and the toughest of challenges for you. You're Tarzan and D'Artagnan rolled into one. You scale walls and joust with lances and fight one hundred sixty broadsword encounters. Concerned, both as friend and producer, that one of them will be too broad, Bob Jacks insists you're taking too many chances.

With the second week's rushes, Darryl Zanuck gives you a new four-figured contract that guarantees star billing from now on. It will seem true to you when "Prince Valiant" is cut and reviewed.

February 1954, and you are co-starring with Spencer Tracy in "Broken Lance." King Trace, no less, pays you the supreme compliment you will read here for the first time.

"The kid has the quality of a young Barrymore. His future? Unlimited."

And now, finally, it's April 2, 1954, Robert Wagner, the night you've been waiting for all your life. The night of the premiere of "Prince Valiant" when a movie fan's dream is to become a magic reality.

You take your parents to The Beachcombers for dinner, celebrating that other night four and a half years ago when you dined them on your first \$37.50 bit pay check. Tonight they proudly celebrate with you the success of a dream that was not their own—your success in the world of celluloid.

At eight-thirty your car pulls up in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Crowds jam the bleachers and the boulevards roar. Arc lights split the Hollywood heavens. As your party steps out on that red carpet, photographers' flash bulbs are blinding.

Your own throat is too full to speak. You're the same kid who stood there not long ago trying on those footprints. Tonight the world acknowledged they fit.

This is your night, and this is your life from now on. Prince Valiant Wagner. Long may you reign.

THE END

Don't Call That Boy a Square

(Continued from page 47)

beautiful girl I'd ever seen. But something always came between us. In the classroom at New Trior High School, it was a distance of twelve desks. Outside the classroom, a fellow named Roy Fitzgerald was my worst enemy. And in case you don't know, my real name is Roy Fitzgerald. And I was the tallest, thinnest, shyest guy in town.

Mentally, I waxed poetic about Nancy, comparing my love to the sun and moon and stars, not to mention Hedy Lamarr. However, when it came to speaking up, I was doing well if I could stammer, "Hello." This eloquent speech seemed to take about as long to prepare as a recitation of the Gettysburg Address.

One day, at long last, I managed a good half-dozen words and asked for a date. Then I stood on my two left feet waiting her reply. "No," replied Nancy. "I will not go out with you."

I was shattered.

I looked up a buddy and we hitchhiked down to Booley's Cupboard, a place near town, to drown my sorrows in a couple of milkshakes. We'd been there only a short while when my beloved Nancy and her friend Barbara came in. They nodded in our general direction but didn't join us.

When we left, we noted that their car was parked out front. "Now why should we have to hitchhike all the way back?" asked my resourceful pal.

So we climbed into the back seat of the car and crumpled out of sight. Well, the seven-mile ride home was more like a hundred-and-seventy. With each mile, the girls' conversation deflated me more. "That Fitzgerald boy in Booley's," began Nancy. "Know what he did? He asked me for a

date! Can you imagine the nerve of him?" "Are you going out with him?" asked Barbara.

"Are you kidding? Maybe silence is supposed to be golden, but I think it's dull."

"He's probably shy," offered Barbara.

"He's a square," said my beautiful Nancy. Barbara giggled. "Who ever heard of a square bean pole?" And they both broke into hysterical laughter.

That was it. The end of the world. My world at the moment, at any rate. I was as tall as I am now, six feet five, and my 150 pounds consisted mostly of bones. I had no smooth manners, no easy line. I lacked the necessary social graces. And I wanted to cut the throat in which my words kept getting stuck and leaving me speechless. My voice? It wouldn't change. Other guys could boom forth in their newly acquired basses, but I was certain I was doomed to be a boy soprano for the rest of my life.

It's called "the awkward age," this phase. It comes to every boy and girl. Girls mature earlier than boys, however, grow out of adolescence and forget they ever went through it. And they leave their contemporaries of the opposite sex far behind. And this is what many girls simply don't realize—and should.

As far as a girl is concerned, references to "that stage" are usually accompanied by words of reassurance that some day soon she'll be a real beauty. She's given credit for at least one redeeming feature—be it sparkling eyes, beautiful hair or a brilliant mind. As far as a boy is concerned, the awkward age is awkward for everybody. Someone once told me the amusing saying of a parent, speaking of his growing son. "The only time he stands up straight is when he can't decide which way to lean,"

said the father in a rather pained voice.

Teen-agers don't intend to be cruel. They don't mean to be thoughtless. But in a teen-age world, you either belong or you don't belong. Nothing's more important. And when you're an outsider, no one gives a great deal of thought to acknowledging the fact that you're alive. You simply don't exist.

I remember one fellow in my class. He wore glasses and had braces on his teeth. These were temporary corrective measures. However, he could hardly go around shouting, "These won't be here forever." And let's face it, he looked like a square sort of square. He spoke to no one. Primarily, I now suspect, because nobody spoke to him.

He wound up as an Army pilot in the last war with glasses and braces a thing of the past. The girls considered him one of the most handsome fellows in his air group. He's in Panama today with his wife, who's a real beauty. You never know.

Many times teen-agers judge one another on appearances. Teen-agers have to conform. And if they can't, it isn't always because they don't want to. I speak from experience. Levis and sweat shirts were our class uniform. Came the time my mother bought me a new white shirt—slightly formal, mainly because it wasn't a sweat shirt. I wore it several times out of deference to her. Then one day I heard someone snicker. At me? You know, I never actually found out. I just heard the snicker coming from some place and became very sensitive about it. So when I got home, I took off the shirt.

"I'm not going to wear it again," I told Mother. "I can't. It looks awful."

Later, the sleeveless sweater arrived. My



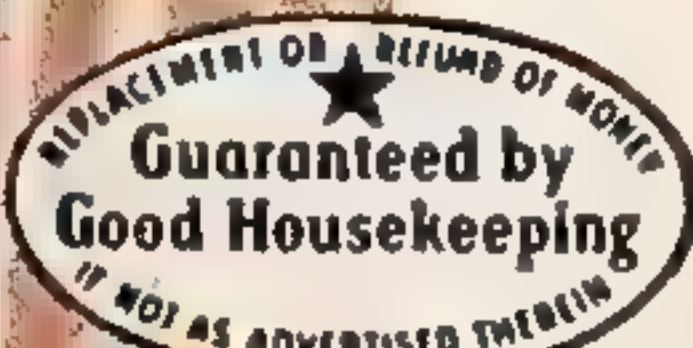
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grandmother had knitted it for me. The color was khaki, and any jerk in our class knew better than to wear anything but red sweaters with sleeves. My solution to this problem was to throw the sweater away and then go home and vow I'd lost it.

And what about the guy who's neat in that blue suit, shirt and tie when the rest of his class is wearing levis? But how do you know that it's not his family's idea? He may rebel, but it doesn't do much good. His folks are insisting that he become an individual long before he's ready—and before his classmates will accept individuality. And that, my friends, is murder!

The awkward age is a time when a guy can't seem to do anything right. And he's clumsy when he tries. With his appearance against him, he winds up with a large type complex. He means well. And an understanding family can help immeasurably.

My mother is a jovial lady, with a fine sense of humor. Remembering the times I used to put my best foot forward and fall over it, I can laugh and she can have hysterics. But if she'd cracked a smile the times it happened, I'd have curled up and died inside.

We lived in an apartment. Once, when she was away, I decided to surprise her and paint the bathroom. It was a small room, and to brighten it, I selected a loud blue enamel. The stuff got all over the bathtub and a lavatory and mirror—and dried before I thought to wipe it off.

Mother came home and took a look at the room. "It's beautiful," she said. I was so proud of my handiwork I never noticed that only a short space of time elapsed before she completely papered the room.

I had a lot of good intentions that went haywire. Like the time she was in bed with a strep throat. I assumed that orange juice would help, so I went out and came back with oranges. Around ten dozen, I'd say. I squeezed every last one of them. We had orange juice in every pot, pan, kettle and pitcher in the house. There was, I recall, nothing left to cook in. But mother took it very well.

Understanding can do wonders for good intentions gone wrong. It can do wonders, period. Winnetka, Illinois, was a wealthy town. And the Fitzgeralds were somewhat less than wealthy. One of my chums, whose family was a prominent one, arranged for me to go to dancing class with him. Such activities are usually viewed with horror by the participants, but this was considered fun by everyone concerned because Miss Pratt, the teacher, was a genuinely nice woman. She used to ask me to help whenever she was illustrating a new step. She was tall and I thought she preferred me as

a partner because I was the tallest guy in the class. Now I realize she must have sensed my terrible lack of assurance and wanted to help me. Gradually, I began to acquire some social poise. My height wasn't so disgraceful after all. Miss Pratt let me attend the classes for free for the next three years, letting me feel that I was contributing to the lessons. It's only recently that I realize how kind she was.

I really needed help! I can't blame girls for not stopping to understand what agonies their male contemporaries are suffering. And, as a kid, I didn't help the girls either. It rarely occurred to me to tell a girl how nice she looked. And when it did occur to me, I couldn't put the sentence together. I'd blurt out crazy things and I didn't mean them the way they sounded.

"You sure look funny," I once said in an effort to tease a lovely young lady. She found this non-funny. I was bewildered.

My party patter was also brilliant:

Girl: "What are you taking in school?"

Me: "Oh, a few subjects."

(Silence)

Girl: "Seen any good movies lately?"

Me: "Some."

(More silence)

Girl: "Read any new books?"

Me: "Yeah."

When she'd given up her conversational effort, I could think of a thousand things to say. Only time had crossed me up. Ten more minutes, I'd think, and I could have been the life of the party. As it was, I was the death of it. Those were tough days—or I thought they were.

I was remembering all this that night I overheard my friends' daughter taking such a superior attitude toward a boy who must have been much as I was at that age.

"Have you ever thought that maybe 'The Crumb' has feelings?" I asked her. "And that quite possibly he'd like to be one of the crowd?"

"I guess I never have," she admitted. "He could have been in China as far as I've been concerned. He's just never counted."

"He must like you," I said. "Or he wouldn't be calling. Doesn't he have any redeeming features?"

"Well," said she. "He's pretty smart. In a bookish way. And he does have kind of a nice smile."

"Could you bring yourself to smile back at him sometime—and mean it?"

She grinned. "I just might," she said.

As a matter of fact, she did. You see, this happened a while back. By no stretch of the imagination could I call myself Cupid. But now they're going steady. And the word "Crumb"? She'll tell you it's strictly for the birds.

THE END

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(Continued from page 58)

a wife around the house? What would she do?"

The lady laughed merrily. "Well," she said. "She could cook and keep house and send out the laundry. . . ."

"I can cook and keep house," Scott informed her. "And there's a man who comes once a week to pick up the laundry. . . ."

"She could pay the bills."

"I have a business manager. All the bills go to him," said Scott.

"What about a family?" she asked, smiling through teeth now clenched. "Don't you like children?"

"Sure," he said. "Love 'em. Other people's." He paused a moment, thoughtful. "When they're asleep," he added.

"Now, Scott," she prodded. "You know you'd like to have a family of your own."

"On second thought, maybe I would," said Scott. "About thirteen, I'd say. I'm not superstitious. Might be a good idea to have a whole crew around—get some work done. Keep 'em busy. You know, running errands, hustling firewood. Save hiring help."

After this speech, the little lady developed a sudden headache. She remembered she was expecting an important call at home. And furthermore, her mother was there alone and it was getting late. Scott never saw her again. As he left her at the door, he concluded that she must have taken him seriously—and he didn't correct the impression. One thing was certain. He'd taken her seriously—and resorted to his sense of humor as a first line of defense.

That's Brady. If you were his girl, you'd have to understand him. He's never vowed that he won't marry—eventually. As for the girl—whatever she is, wherever she is, whenever she comes along—well, he'll be waiting. And, if the feeling is mutual, he figures they'll both know. She won't have to call the matter to his attention. "Right now I simply don't want to get married," he says. "Why not? Well now, when does someone want to marry? One guess is as good as another. But ask why I'm not in love and I'll ask you to give me the Einstein theory of relativity."

"The same thing goes for asking somebody why he is in love. How does he know? It's an intangible, unexplainable thing."

"There are those who say that love is a fifty-fifty deal. Maybe I'm still an old-fashioned romanticist, but I'd call it more of a hundred-hundred deal. How can you love fifty percent? Like the song says, it's all or nothing. I've never had the feeling. Consequently, at the moment, I'm a confirmed bachelor."

"But the questions keep coming. I remember someone once asked how it would be if someone were in love with me. How do I know? As I've said, I've never been in love. The only thing I can do is to think about the things I'd like to do and the way I like to live. The person I'm in love with will either like these things or I'll stop liking these things."

If you were Scott Brady's girl, you'd know that the "home with a good book" story is a true one. Scott isn't a man for night clubs. In his scheme of living, he considers going out a great waste of time. "What are you going to learn at a night club?" he asks. "What world-shaking events occur in these places?"

Your dates would be quiet ones. Perhaps dinner at Scott's home—or some remote spot with a pleasant atmosphere and good food. "The way I see it," he says, "it doesn't matter where you are. It's who you're dining with." He'd hope his girl would like plain American cooking. And after dinner a movie or a play—if there's one in town—or possibly the fights.

Sometimes you'd visit friends, and probably wind up on the floor shooting marbles with their kids with Scott having more fun than anybody. When he vows he'd like enough of his own for a basketball team, he's not so certain he's kidding.

Parlez-vous Francais? Scott's learning. Two nights a week you might join him at UCLA night school where he recently signed for a couple of courses. And you'd like as not spend a great deal of time poring over travel folders. Scott has a great yen to travel. When he made a picture in London, he had to come right back to the States for another film. However, some day he plans to take the grand tour—France, Italy, Switzerland—all the places he's wanted to visit over there. "I'd like to meet the people of our world—and possibly expose myself to a little old-world culture," he says.

You'd find that Scott reads the books on his book shelves—best sellers like "The Caine Mutiny" and "Not as a Stranger" . . .

You'd discover that he can't bring himself to loaf between pictures, that he likes to spend his time as constructively as possible. He believes an actor can only bring to the set with him the things that he learns when he isn't working. To Scott, the real work is not making a picture. It's preparing himself before the picture begins. "It's an old argument," he says. "Does the actor make the part or does the part make the actor? I say it's fifty-fifty. If the part isn't there, you can't play it. But then again, if it is, you've got to be able to do it. You can only portray what you know. Watch the successful ones work."

When he's working, you'd probably come to know as much about the role as he does. Scott reads the script and tries to imagine what kind of family the character is from. He wants to know the background, what's behind the character. Then he dreams up a story and tries to discover how he would react in such a situation. "Then, I have an idea of how he does things because I know why he does them," he says.

He doesn't go off into a trance. He believes that living a part is foolish. However, the best way to understand the character is to talk the fellow over with someone who's interested, get someone else's point of view. If you were Scott's girl, that's where you'd come in.

But it wouldn't all be work and study. There'd be days at the beach when you'd take along a picnic lunch and eat fried chicken salted with sand and love it. You might note that occasionally he'd glance your way, thinking you weren't watching, to see if you were really having fun. He'd hate to see you moody and mysterious. He'd want to see you smiling, enjoying life—at the beach—anywhere.

You wouldn't gush and you wouldn't gossip. If you did, you might hear Scott snap, "Don't tell me. I don't want to hear about it." And that's another thing—honesty. He'd always be honest with you and he'd expect the same. However, you'd both know the difference between constructive honesty and destructive honesty.

You'd see a lot of his family. You might drop by for dinner some evenings, or after dinner. And invariably you'd settle down to a Canasta bout. Scott's mother is a Canasta fiend. And she always wins. She also has definite ideas about marriage. "You ought to get married," she'll tell Scott. "Why don't you?"

"Because I don't think it's the thing to do right now," he tells her.

"Are you in love?" she then asks.

If you were Scott's girl, chances are, she'd ask you too. And he would leave your reply to your own discretion. THE END

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My Girl Debbie

(Continued from page 68)

greater success. Debbie frankly doesn't like household chores, and I can't say I blame her. Neither do I. But confronted with the necessity, such as when I'm visiting my family in Texas, Debbie can do a pretty creditable job with our Burbank home.

Our neighbors, watching my daughter play sandlot baseball, dressed in old faded blue jeans and T-shirt, shake their heads and say that she lives and acts little like their conception of a movie star. Recently Debbie completed a theatrical engagement in "Gigi" in St. Louis. We were at the airport and Debbie bought an armload of movie fan magazines. Two women nearby kept eyeing her.

"It sure looks like that Debbie Reynolds," one whispered to the other.

"Nope. It couldn't be."

"Well, how do you know?"

"Simple. No movie star would be reading movie magazines."

But if they're listening, it was, too, Debbie, and she does, too, read fan magazines. She's as big a movie fan as any. "Only way that I can keep up with my friends, now that I'm so busy," she says.

And now that I think of it, it's a good thing those St. Louis doubters didn't see Debbie, her dad and me sleeping all night in our car the time we drove our son back to his Army camp and couldn't find any place to stay. They'd never have believed she was in films, for sure.

True, after five years of picture-making, Debbie's got a swimming pool (though we had to give up our whole back yard for it and Debbie had to make two theatrical tours for the money); a crystal mink stole (her past Christmas present to herself, purchased as a bargain because it was made up for someone else and turned out too small); a new white and shrimp-pink Mercury (bought at the factory and driven home last month). I suppose that proves she's a movie star, but she also sells Girl Scout cookies and that proves her sense of values hasn't changed.

Debbie and I have been all wrapped up in scouting ever since she was old enough to join (we still are counselors), and she has more different badges of merit than Mr. Carter has pills—including one for baking and cooking! Frankly, I think they were looking the other way when they handed her that last one! But seriously, it's my feeling that if you get a boy or girl interested in some such character-building community organization, you need never worry that he or she will take the wrong path in life. And that's why I never

lost sleep, lying wide-eyed in bed, waiting for Debbie to come home when she first started dating.

I must say though that I almost despaired of her ever taking boys seriously. She was interested in them, all right, but only so far as their prowess in football, baseball and bowling was concerned. Debbie loves sports—all kinds. In fact, if you pasted up a list of her favorite sports on a giraffe, the ones she considers "real cool" would extend from top to bottom. (I've just remembered I mustn't say "real cool" any more. As soon as I learn to use one of Debbie's bebop expressions, she says that one is as outdated as the dodo and I'm a "real square" if I still use it.)

Debbie's brother Bill treated her as a kid when she tagged along to play baseball or football. Like most big brothers—he's two years older than she—he'd say, "Gosh, I wish I could trade that kid sister of mine for something useful, like a bike."

Bill would tease her, saying, "Greg thinks you're peachy-keen."

"Really?" Debbie would glow. "How did he like my one-handed catch yesterday? Smooth, huh?"

"Naw, I mean he's got a crush on you."

"Oh, fiddlesticks," she'd explode. "Boys!"

But around sixteen or so, she began to discover that boys are here to stay. And her interest in clothes mounted in the same ratio. I've made most of her clothes because Debbie has always been tiny for her age. Now she wears a size seven and can find dresses in that size, but formerly it was impossible. Anyway, she couldn't afford all the store-bought clothes she needed—and wanted. So whatever free time I have from housekeeping, my work with the Red Cross, Girl Scouts and Blood Bank activities, I'm glued to the sewing machine.

The result? Dresses, coats, suits, formals, overflow her room-length closets. And Debbie, unfortunately, is the kind of girl who must try on five outfits before she's ever satisfied. The other night, Bob Neal, a young Texan, was over. Hoping I'd embarrass her, I asked him if he'd like to see the result of a baby Texas cyclone and took him into Deb's room. But he wasn't unhappy. He merely picked up a box of snapshots of Debbie and looked at them.

Debbie's grandmother shook her head. "Sake's alive, Maxene," she said, "how do you ever expect to get that young one married off if you let her fellers see how untidy she is?"

Frankly, I've done nothing to try to get Debbie married. That's up to her com-

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pletely—just as her career is. She's been dating Bob Neal, Tab Hunter, Hugh O'Brian, Bill Shirley and a young plastic surgeon, Dr. Michael Flynn, besides lots of boys not in pictures. But I don't think our Five Foot Dynamo is really in love yet. When she is, I'll know it. Because Debbie is a shouter. She's been called "the lass with a delicate air"—but not by me.

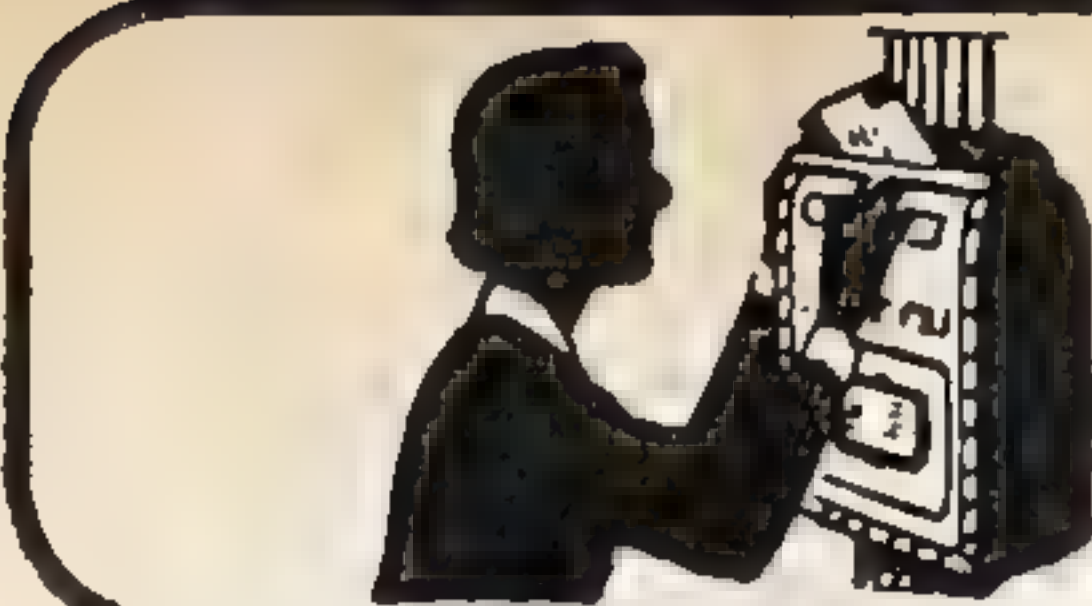
Since she was eighteen Debbie has been making five-dollar bets with friends at the studio that she wouldn't be married at twenty-one, twenty-two, or twenty-three. One with Lana Turner, I think, is now due, and Lana owes Debbie five dollars. Debbie has all the little signed slips carefully hidden away, and if she doesn't marry this year or next, she stands to collect about one hundred dollars.

I know that lots of girls look over every date with a calculating eye while hearing those distant strains of Lohengrin. Not Debbie. With her, it's just fun, whether it's a date for bowling, dancing, beach picnic, barbecue party, a premiere, a movie. When it comes to clowning, that Vitamin Kid can outclown any three girls. But neither her dad nor I worry about Debbie winding up an old maid. When the time comes, the right man will find our daughter. For years she's been saying she wants to marry a doctor because they're such wonderful men. She's even told our family doctor, but he just laughs and says, "Heaven help him. It'll set the profession back ten years!"

Debbie's standards have always been high. She's really embarrassed in a low-cut glamour gown. Photographers are always saying, "Take your hands down, Debbie." This innate modesty colors everything about her. She doesn't drink or smoke, and she isn't going to be talked into it by the people around her. She says she'll never marry a divorced man—won't even date a man until his divorce is final. "Say," I heard her shrill over the phone the other night, "is your year up yet?" (She was referring to the California law which demands a year waiting period before a divorce is final.) Nor will she date a boy a second time when she finds on the way home that, as she puts it, he "develops as many arms as an octopus." When she dates, she picks her escorts carefully and she wants to know where she's going beforehand. "It doesn't have to be a big production," she explained to me, "but we have to have some activity planned. I like the accent on action, so there isn't time for parking in the car or looking for dark corners." Wolves-about-town she refuses to date.

Because I think Debbie is mature enough for her age and because so many other young actresses have their own apartments, I once asked her if she'd like one—nearer to the studio. And she exploded: "That's like saying our home isn't good enough for me. I love it here and I want to stay until I marry. I'd hate to live alone." So, quick-like, I dropped the suggestion. Dad converted the double garage into a little guest house, thinking Debbie would like it for study and rest when we didn't have house guests. But Debbie won't budge from the house.

The truth is that Debbie is as contented in her home as a five-year-old in a candy store. She's been all over our country and to South America, to Korea, Japan, Mexico and she's been a guest in the most glamorous estates around town, yet she's never felt the slightest bit ashamed of our modest home. I think this is because we've never taught her that the biggest is the best. And if she should marry a young man just starting out in a profession, she'd be content with their circumstances. Though Debbie's eyes are green, she's never envied friends



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who have more of the world's material possessions. When young people are jealous and envious of others, I think it's because parents have neglected to instill a pride of home in their children—a pride based on the comforting fact that of all the houses in the world one alone is home.

In this, Debbie's attitude is mature, just as it is in her work. At first, I admit, that little character I call my daughter looked upon acting as a lark. Then she began to grow and to take it seriously. The change was noticeable. She's gone from child to grownup. For it's my belief that the ability to stick to a job—to struggle through it until it's finished—is a real test of maturity.

Like honey, she sticks to anything until she becomes a part of it. Take the French horn, for instance. Personally, I'd rather not take it—but Debbie practiced and practiced until she could play it well while she was in high school. Lately, she's been persistent in learning to dance, sing, do ballet, gain proficiency in diction and dramatics. She's shown endurance, accepted unpleasantness, discomfort, frustration, hardships. And she's learned to size things up, make her own decisions.

Once when a friend asked my husband, Ray, some question about M-G-M, Ray said he'd never been there. And he hasn't. And I've been there only when necessary.

I remember that the studio school teacher suggested that I come and supervise Debbie daily. I declined, politely. (I have a life of my own, too.) And when Debbie was eighteen and through school, the teacher said that now, more than ever, a young girl should have her mother with her at the studio. "Debbie." I told her, "is self-reliant and has sound judgment. I've every confidence in her. She isn't going to do anything that she wouldn't do if I were here watching her." And she didn't.

Debbie handles all her own affairs—decided on the details of her new contract, selected a business manager who allows her twenty dollars a week for spending money. She uses it for lunches, movies, banana splits and malteds, bowling, buying herself a belt or a scarf and many weeks she's amazed to find a few dollars left over. This ability to budget is another sign of increasing maturity.

But when Debbie first signed her contract with Warners when she was just sixteen, I confess Ray and I weren't quite ready to let her make her own decision about a career. No one in our family had ever had theatrical ambitions and we weren't sold on the idea that there's no business like show business. We were a bit skeptical about the whole idea. (Only recently my mother found out that Maxine Elliott, the great stage star, was a distant kin of ours. Frankly, I have to confess that I'd never heard of her or that a theatre was named for her on Broadway.) Actually, we would much rather have seen her go on with her ambition—to become a gym teacher. Without telling Debbie, we went to the studio and had a long talk with everyone she would be working with. And we concluded that Debbie would be in a safe environment—that these were all mighty fine people.

Sometimes I suppose Debbie must think longingly of her ambition to become a gym teacher. She has so little leisure time now. Tourete, her poodle, and Henry, her cat, scarcely see her these days. And her collection of toy monkeys gathers dust. "Heavens to Betsy," she laughs, "if I had a husband it would be 'Hi' and 'Bye' and I'd have to give him a picture of me to remember me by." She blows in exhausted from a long day at the studio, and even if she has a few days off to go to Palm Springs, the time is pretty well filled with

picture layouts and personal appearances. Every chance she gets, she's off entertaining at camps and hospitals. This is her personal contribution and she's never too tired or busy to continue with it.

Dad likes to watch wrestlers on tv—Debbie considers them like yesterday's corn fritters, so after dinner, if she doesn't have a date, she gratefully climbs into her bed, chews away vociferously on a stick of gum while she grows a crop of goose pimples listening to her mad passion—murder mysteries on the radio. Right now she's in the throes of reorganizing her possessions which, like a Scotch magpie, she's hoarded through the years—old school jumping ropes, athletic equipment, cheerleader batons, dolls, magazines, scrapbooks, letters and pictures. She covers her bed with sorted piles, then puts everything on the floor when she goes to sleep. Next night, back everything goes on her bed, while she continues the sorting.

Dad and I look in on this bundle of energy and wonder what we'll do for laughs when the day finally comes that Debbie leaves the house as a bride. We both never hoped to be perfect parents to Debbie. Nor have we demanded perfection in her. We've been aware of the necessity of give and take on the part of all of us, and that's why, I think, we have always had a happy home. And without pinning a blue ribbon on myself, I think Debbie—together with many of her girl friends—will make a fine potential crop of mothers and I envy the girl who'll be my grandchild.

Anyway, I think I pay her the highest compliment when I say I'd be happy to be her daughter!

THE END

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles

M-G-M, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 W. Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills

United Artists, 8272 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Studios, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank

(Continued from page 53)

familiar answer, "There's no Martin, no Lewis, only Martin and Lewis."

Looking back on that day in 1942 when they were introduced on the street corner at 54th Street and Broadway in New York City, both of them feel that Fate must have had a lot to do with it. There doesn't seem to be anything else that could have brought them together at that particular place and at that particular time.

But cymbals didn't crash and the world didn't stop. Nobody even gave them a second glance. At best they were an unlikely looking pair. An elastic-faced youth named Joseph Levitch, fresh from the Borsch Circuit, and an Italian barber's son from Steubenville, Ohio, Dino Crocetti, singing protege of the boys in the back room of the local cigar store.

Although they didn't get to work together as a team until four years later, Fate kept crossing their paths. Not long thereafter, a very nervous Italian crooner then billed as Dino Martini followed Frank Sinatra into the Club Riobamba in New York. Dino was so nervous he was sure the customers thought he was singing a rhumba and had castanets hidden in his knees. To make things worse it was celebrity night and the audience was almost entirely composed of celebrities. Wherever he looked, Dino saw famous faces. Unknown to him, however, a non-celebrity, Jerry Lewis, was sitting at the bar to escape the cover charge. He'd gone to see and hear Sinatra and didn't know the bill had changed. But he didn't ask for his money back. He watched, entranced by the sight of this unknown who could sing to such an audience so easily.

That evening is indelibly engraved on Jerry's mind, and he can still remember what Dino wore—a light blue dinner jacket that a waiter wears if people are coming and a maroon tie.

So much to remember. . . .

For Jerry—an indelible picture—the time he next saw Dino Martini, singing at Loew's Theatre where Jerr was "an yoosher once." Dino sang, clutching on to something in his hand. Curiously Jerry wondered what it could be. Later he found out—a little white cross.

For Dino—during the months after their street-corner meeting—Jerr's casual correspondence on the walls of the dressing rooms in the club circuit where one usually followed the other. Jerr's welcoming scribble, "Hi, Dino. I was here. Hope you do as well."

For both of them—and for a laugh-hungry world—the memorable evening, July 25, 1946, at Atlantic City's "500 Club"—when Martin & Lewis was born. Now married to Patti Palmer, Jimmy Dorsey's pretty dark-eyed vocalist, and with hospital bills hounding them following the birth of a son, Gary, Jerry needed to make more money. When he and Dino were both booked into the "500 Club"—he talked the proprietor into letting them do their "big comedy act" together. The one that really laid them in the aisle wherever they played. But of course the first night they went out on the floor together nothing happened. Jerr did his mugging to records, Dean sang his songs and the rest slept. Except the proprietor. He blew his top. "You said you guys get laughs. I did not hear no laughs." No laughs next, show—and out they would both go.

They holed up that night in Jerry's hotel room, locked the door and worked on colossal ideas they couldn't use. Some time during the small hours—they went down to the beach, and using the breakers for a rhythm beat, Jerr taught Dean a

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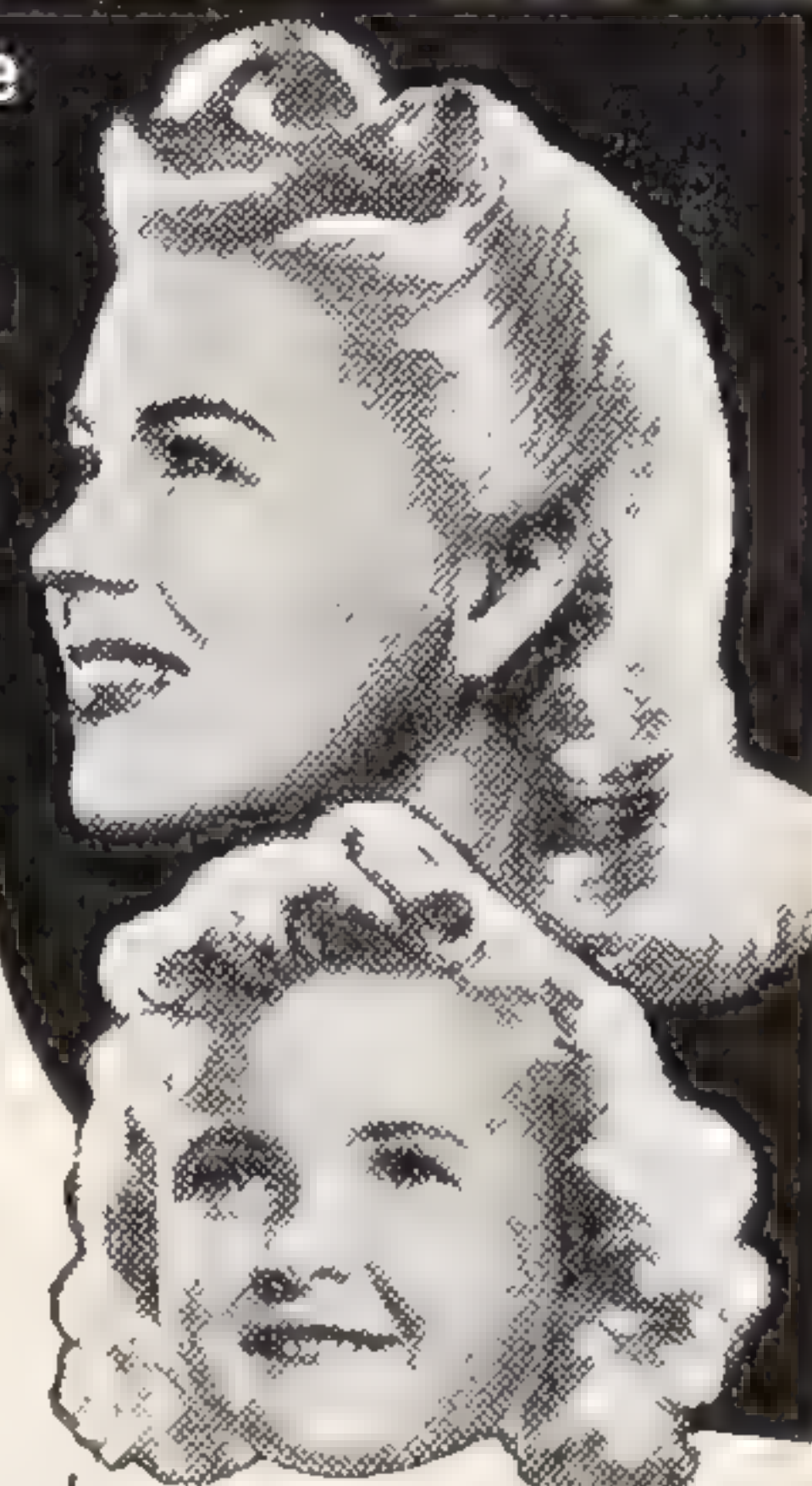
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time-step—the same one they do today. Sleepless and desperate, they arrived at the club the next night—still with no routine. Like condemned men with nothing to lose they descended upon the unsuspecting customers. A barrage of bedlam—squirting seltzer, snipping off the ends of customers' cigars, chasing the waiters. Dean stepping on Jerry's lines. Jerry stepping on Dean's songs. And both of them walking all over the audience. To Jerry—from somewhere—there came a voice, a laugh-voice high and whiny that was to be imitated the world over. They wound up their act leading the hysterical customers around the club in a conga. That night two weary new comedians collapsed over a few beers—quite a few.

Like any couple—the first was their toughest year.

Too many unpaid bills following them around and catching them. In Atlantic City they stayed at a flea-bitten hotel. The management put an iron crib in Patti and Jerry's room for one-year-old Gary. Patti laundered Gary's diapers out daily and hung them on the fire escape to dry. Money was so scarce, Dean's wife, Betty, had gone home to her mother's in Philadelphia to have their third child, a daughter they named Gail. They couldn't pay their hotel bills and finally left three trunks for security, walking out of the lobby with all they could wear and baby Gary. When they retrieved the trunks a year later, they found the moths had had a busier season than theirs. A wardrobe of moth-eaten rags.

These were days when Dean and Jerry would appear on celebrity night at Leon and Eddie's for free dinner for four. When Patti had to go to the hospital and, wanting to surprise her by driving her home in their own car, Jerry bought an old beaten-up Plymouth for \$600—and Patti was plenty surprised. "We don't even have two dollars. What about the hospital bills?" The car was on its last gasp, but was Jerry's pride and joy. Every night between shows at the Havana Madrid—how he would stand out in front of the club under the lights lovingly polishing it.

Unforgettable—ever—the night Martin & Lewis broke into the big time. The biggest. New York's Copacabana. With all Broadway at their feet, and their price upped to \$5000 a week. They'd come a long way then—in less than two years. But waiting in their dressing rooms two white-faced guys were ready to write off the whole thing. They'd paid a writer \$1000 for Jerry's three-minute opener. Watching Jerry over in one corner of the dressing room, struggling feverishly rehearsing the gags, almost before even he realized what

he was doing, Dean walked over, took the paper out of his hand and tossed it out the open window. Then horrified, they both stood there watching \$1000 flutter slowly down to the street. For a minute they felt like fluttering down after it. Then with a confidence he couldn't feel, Dean gave Jerry that famous third-quarter locker-room speech. "Now go out there, Jerry—and do what you want to do. Whatever you feel like doing," he said. Jerry felt like folding up, period. Shakily making his way out on the Copa floor, he took a look around the packed club—and again from somewhere...or nowhere...the line came to him. "My father always said, 'When you play the Copa, Son, you'll be playing to the cream of show business.'" He paused and took another look around. Then in a cracked voice, "This is *krim*?" Hearing the laughs, the lyrics of "San Fernando Valley" returned to Dean's mind. They've often wondered what would have happened if Jerry had done the \$1000 material. "We probably wouldn't be in Hollywood today," they say. Jerry still doesn't know where his sock opening line came from. But Fate was keeping a protective eye.

Exciting giddy days, these. The first flush of a fantastic success even Dean and Jerry couldn't explain. Lines waiting six deep out in the snow when they played the Paramount. Breaking their own records wherever they went. Capturing the whole country with their uninhibited comedy, their absolute irreverence for anything—man or animal, vegetable or mineral. Beloved by audiences who sensed the heart behind their humor, their mutual affection and admiration, the way each extended himself to make the other look even better, the happy chemistry of two men who were meant to make laughter together.

Laughs. A million laughs. . . .

The hilarious times they've covered for each other. That night when Dean got back to the dressing room late, wondered where everybody was and rushed out on stage, wearing denims and sneakers, to find Jerry singing "Blue Skies" for him—and the audience in hysterics thinking it part of the act. Another night when Dean dashed back, slid into his pumps—and realized too late Jerry had nailed them to the floor. The night aboard a New York to Chicago train when Martin & Lewis went through a Pullman car around 3:00 A.M. knocking on doors and announcing, "We'll be in La Salle Station in twenty minutes—La Salle Station—twenty minutes," getting all the sleepy passengers out in the aisles, bags in hand—and Chicago still five hours away.

EXCITING NEWS

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And how about that prank that threatened to break up the act . . . and instead backfired into becoming part of it? The afternoon Jerry was to revolutionize hair styles by making famous a chrysanthemum cut. They'd been playing three shows a night at the Chez Paree, and a tired Jerr went to sleep in the barber's chair at the Ambassador-East. Dean suggested the barber really clip him for laughs. "I can't do that," he said. But Dean kept egging him on until he did, slipping him a \$20 tip and saying, "Here—I dare you—" His long hair that he wore well-vaselined down was Jerry's pride and joy, and he roared like Samson when he woke up and found it was gone. When he got back to the hotel room, Patti took one horrified look and said, "What have you done? Where's your hair? My poor Daddy—" and burst into tears. The more Patti cried, the madder Jerry got at Dean. That night he didn't speak to him when they went on the floor of the Chez Paree—until he heard the laughs of the crowd, just eyeing his porcupine cut. It changed the whole personality of the act—and today he prizes the scissors the barber sent him for a souvenir.

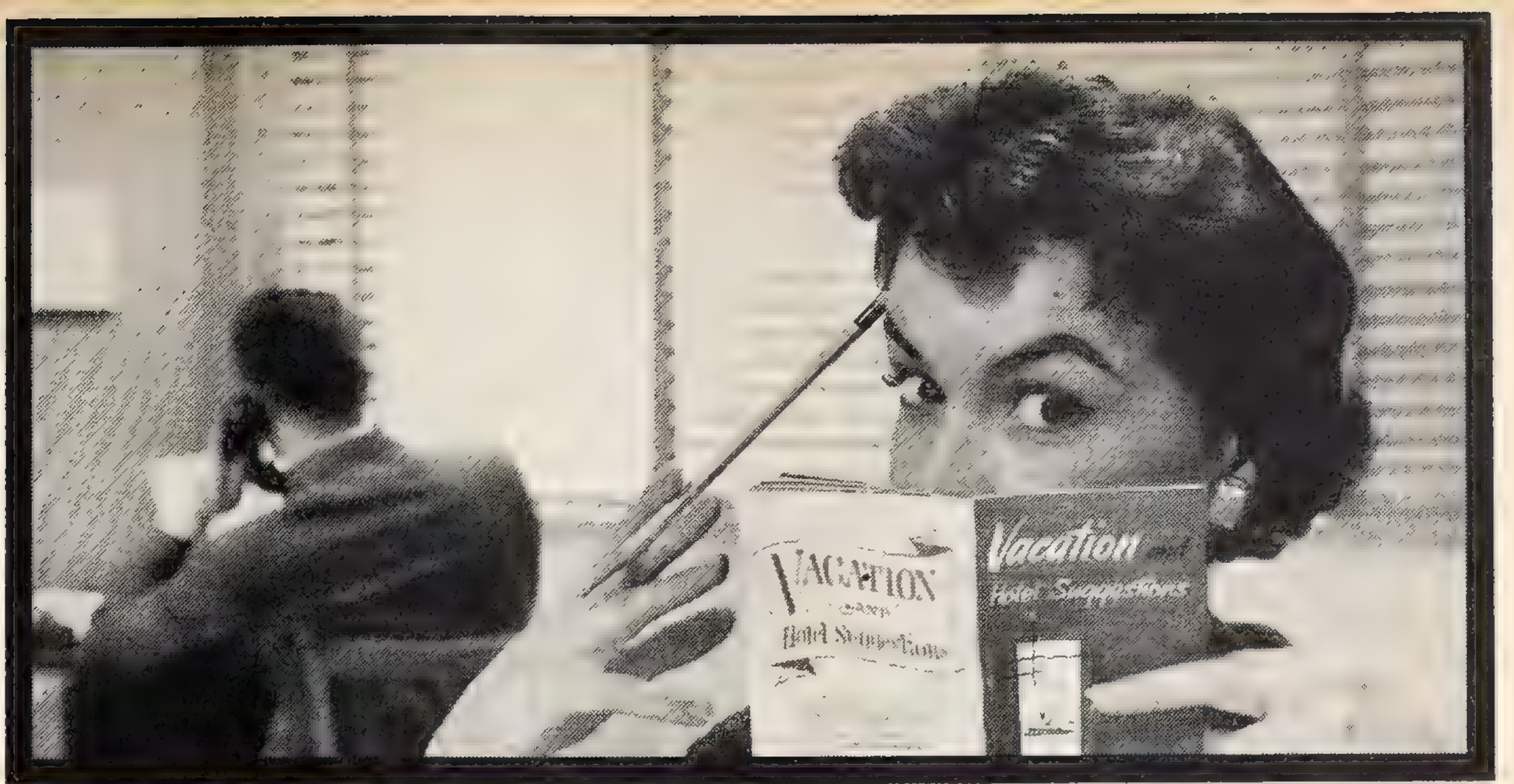
But there've been tears too. . . . Tears through the laughs . . . like the command performance Dean and Jerry gave for a dying kid at midnight in a hospital in Jersey City—when they realized humbly how much the team of Martin & Lewis meant to others. They'd just finished their show at the Riviera and they rushed out the door into zero weather, praying they'd get there in time.

Tears too—when their show just couldn't go on and each realized what "the guy who is half my life" meant to him. The night at the Copa when Jerry collapsed at the mike from nervous exhaustion and Dean wound up the act, singing with mist in his eyes. The time on stage in Minneapolis when Jerr fell in the middle of an acrobatic routine, they heard a tendon snap, and thought he'd broken his back. The theatre management carried him off stage, and facing an audience of five thousand, Dean started to sing, choked up, murmured, "Sorry—I—I can't. . . ." and made a run for the ambulance to ride to the hospital with him. Another night at the Havana Madrid Dean had an appendicitis attack right in the middle of the show and Jerr couldn't make with the jokes. For the next ten days, while Dean recuperated from an operation, he commuted between Lindy's Restaurant and the hospital, carrying gallons of Dean's favorite chicken soup with matzo balls. During a Chicago engagement, noting Jerry's exhaustion one night, Dean had his Beverly Hills physician fly pronto to Chicago and order him home. All the threats for cancelled bookings met an unperturbed brown eye and Dean's, "The kid can't make it. Go ahead and sue. . . ."

And there were flops. Two. . . . That night at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco when Jerry opened blithely with, "Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. I can't tell you how happy we are to be in Frisco and—" and stopped, wondering why the whole room froze. While the veddy crowd in the Mayfair Room in Boston just didn't dig them at all. Until finally, after a prolonged silence, Jerry asked, "Why are you mad at us? We didn't write any books."

Otherwise, bedlam at the boxoffice—everywhere. Two kindred comedians with the heart and humor of one, so kindred that once when somebody in the audience booed Dean for badgering Jerry, he stopped right in the middle of the act to explain, "This isn't for real. Honest. I love him too. This is just part of the act. . . ."

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—that star-studded opening at Slapsie Maxie's when all movieland conceded there was finally something new under the Hollywood sun—the fresh zany humor of Martin & Lewis. They liked them . . . liked them . . . Dean's daughter, Deana, was born that first year. The first to be born under more comfortable circumstances. That is, in an uncomfortable way. The team owed a quarter of a million in law suits at that time, and others pending. Together—no gamble was ever too great to take. . . .

Unhappy with their first starring picture, "At War with the Army," with nothing great in sight—and not sure just how far Martin & Lewis would go on film, Dean and Jerry bought up the rest of their contract with Screen Associates for \$850,000, figuring, "If we make more pictures like this one, we'll be out of business anyway," still not realizing just how much Martin & Lewis meant to their public. Even that picture clocked \$4,000,000.

The times—the so many times—one's fought for the other, tongue and fist. . . . Take that time in Philadelphia—when Dean's fist connected with a wisecracker's jaw and an amazed Jerry, who'd heard nothing, watched the guy slide the whole length of the saloon and wondered why his partner was that mad. And found out later it was because the guy had made a crack about Jerry's religion.

Take England—and they don't care if you do—where they almost started retakes on the Revolutionary War, each fighting for the other.

Take the time they've had convincing Hollywood there's no Martin and no Lewis—just Martin and Lewis. When Dean wouldn't sign with Capitol Records unless they agreed to sign Jerry too. "Are you crazy—what do we do with a comic?" Sign him or they would do—without—Dino Martin. They signed.

And how many times, only Dean and Jerry know, when Jerry's battled the studio for a better break in the scripts for Dean. His part in the last one, "Three-Ring Circus," Jerry argued, was for the birds. Finally they were faced with the decision of accepting the picture and showing up on location in Phoenix, Arizona, by midnight of the deadline given—or paying off a default clause in their contract that would cost them \$1,500,000. Half the loss would be Jerry's, but knowing how unhappy Dean was with the script, he said, "I'll take my loss, Dean. Let's not do it." Expensive words. \$750,000 worth of words. Dean wouldn't let Jerry do it—and they caught the plane and made the deadline.

Share and share alike has always gone too where matters involve personal heartache and happiness.

Like Jerry being best man when Dean married pretty blond Jeanne Biegger, Florida's Orange Bowl Queen. Getting so excited he jumped into the swimming pool with the bridegroom's "going-away" suit on—and Dean joining him there attired in Jerry's own best. And Jerry sharing his honeymoon night by arriving with Patti and Mack Grey at the Hotel Delmar ahead of the happy couple and then playing poker all night—the five of them.

And all those nostalgic times. . . . Like Dean taking a sentimental journey around New Haven, Connecticut, with Jerry late one freezing cold night after their show—so Jerry could relive aloud the happy days when he and Patti had courted there. Standing with him out in front of the familiar old apartment next to the delicatessen store.

Sharing too the sad-hearted hours. . . . When they were playing the Paramount Theatre in New York and the phone call came saying Jerry's youngest son, Ronnie,

had broken his leg. "If I could just talk to him, I'd feel better," Jerry kept worrying. "If I could just hear his voice and know he's all right." The phone company in Hollywood ran a special line through the window of Ronnie's room in the Children's Hospital—so Jerry could say "Hello" before going on the next show. Even then he kept worrying—until Dean insisted, "Look, Jerry—take a plane after the last show. Go home and see Ronnie." He would carry the show alone for one night, and if, with their 60 per cent arrangement, the management kicked, so what was money? "This is more important—go on home and see Ronnie."

Each standing by. Always standing by—through the other's family crises. . . .

Like Dean and Jeanne's temporary estrangement after they'd been married three years. When a lonely, restless Dino, tired of baching, moved into the spare bedroom at Jerry's house. And a tactful plotting Jerry and Patti kept constantly before him reminders of how wonderful having a home and a wife and a family is. Happy for him—when one day Dean slung his golf clubs over his shoulder, climbed into his Jaguar, and headed it towards his own home.

Of course there were other times. . . .

When any couple who spend as much of their lives together as do Jerry and Dean—could use some reconciling too. Like the morning they got off a train in Chicago and Jerry, in a depressed mood, sat like a cigar-store Indian, leaving Dean to make the jokes all by himself for newsreels and photographers.

And like the afternoon when Dean was late to television rehearsals . . . and Jerry finally blew his top and told him just how juvenile he thought it was—for a grown man to push and follow a little ball around a golf green. By way of apology, Dino sent him a handsome hand-made set of clubs with his name on them and a note saying, "I hope you use these—then you'll understand." And Jerry was so touched and contrite about the whole thing, to show his sportsmanship—he went straight out to the club. And the next day bought five pairs of golf shoes.

But most important of all to remember—the triumphs they've shared. When a victory for one has been automatically a victory for the other.

Such as when Steubenville, Ohio, celebrated "Dean Martin Day," and tendered the golden key to the city to an Italian barber's son named Dino Crocetti—who was more sensitive than any of them will ever know about some of them believing no good would ever come of him . . . and who'd vowed when he left ten years before—never to return until he'd proved differently. . . .

This is only one of too many days for two fellows named Crocetti and Levitch to remember just how far they've come together since that historic encounter on a strange street corner.

Only one of so many times shared—to be remembered.

"I don't even want to think about it," Jerry has said, when asked how he would feel if Martin & Lewis should ever separate. Dean sat there very silent, but his sentiment echoed Jerry's when he added, "I'd be very happy for things to stay just as they are—for the next hundred years."

To which the many millions for whom these two modern day medicine men make the happy music of laughter, add a prayerful "Amen." Along with the reminder that the guy to whom each of them owes half of his life—is still Fate's very good friend.

THE END

(Continued from page 45)

a thing like that without consulting you?" At almost the same moment, in her own home across Hollywood, June Haver was talking to a reporter on the telephone. Imminent tears thickened her voice as she said, "It simply isn't true. It's all a silly, embarrassing mistake. Mr. MacMurray and I aren't married—we've never even discussed marriage. I'm not sure we ever will . . . now."

She hung up and turned away from the telephone—knowing that at any moment it would ring again, commanding her to issue still another denial. And knowing, too, that since denial never fully catches up with rumor, perhaps it would be better never to see Fred MacMurray again. Alone, June faced again a time of decision. Would it be hard for them even to see each other at all? Would there be, between them now, an almost impenetrable wall of embarrassment? How could these two adults face and hurdle this new obstacle?

Theirs was not the ordinary Hollywood romance, which takes publicity almost for granted, laughing off the gossip columnists and photographers. Their own characters and their own lives—the intimate acquaintance of both with sorrow—made that impossible.

Without the tragedies which had come to each, it is unlikely that Fred MacMurray and June Haver would even have met, except casually. When June first arrived in Hollywood, Fred was already an established star. They worked together in "Where Do We Go From Here" and saw each other at occasional parties or premieres—not many, because Fred and his beloved wife Lillian seldom went out, preferring the comfort and privacy of their own home in Brentwood. The MacMurrays did not make headlines—they were too deeply in love, too content with each other, their children, their few close friends.

It was June who made the headlines. Young, with a fresh blond loveliness, her singing and dancing had lifted the hearts of millions almost from the release of her first picture. She was news. Her dates were news—with Farley Granger, Victor Mature, David Rose—and it was big news when, in 1947, she unexpectedly eloped to Las Vegas with a young trumpet player. His name was Jimmy Zito, and he and

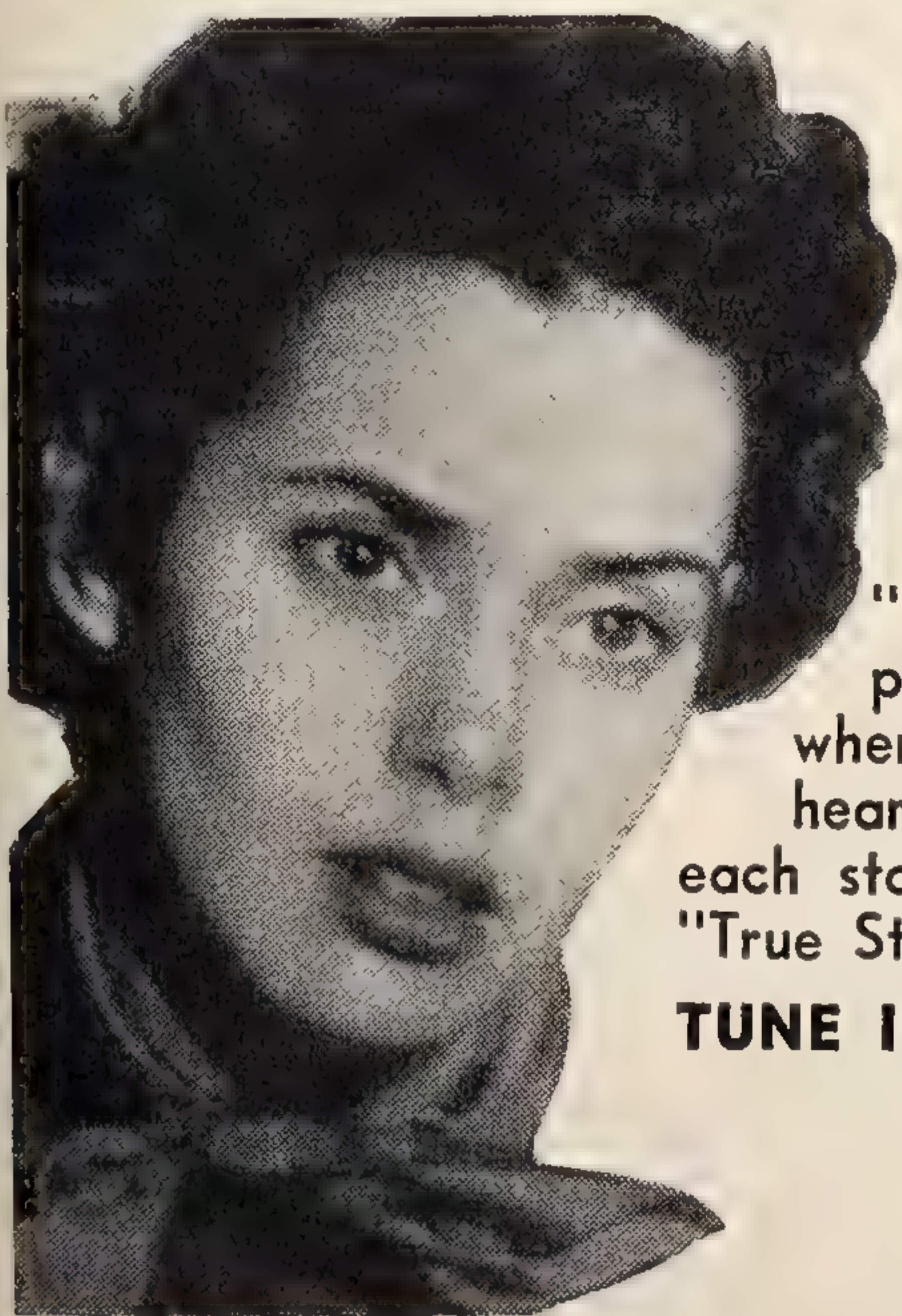
June had known each other when she was fifteen and he was seventeen and they were both in Ted FioRito's band, June working as the featured singer, Jimmy as a musician.

Almost from the first, June knew that her marriage was a mistake. Except for their youthful friendship, she and Jimmy had nothing in common. He was a stranger to her—moody, subject to fits of silent depression which June could neither understand nor cope with. But she tried desperately hard to stay married. Two weeks after their civil ceremony in Las Vegas, she and Jimmy were married a second time by a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. "I didn't want to cheat," June said pathetically months afterwards, explaining why she went through with this religious ceremony at a time when she already feared the marriage wouldn't last. "If I were sincere in wanting to make a go of things with Jimmy, I knew I had to be sincere in my faith. My priest thought I should give the marriage every possible chance."

There was no chance. Two months later, June and Jimmy separated. A brief reconciliation followed—then another separation and finally divorce.

Yet, there is no doubt that the whole unhappy experience matured June, made of her a wiser and more understanding person. Proof of this is the fact that after her divorce she was able to resume her friendship with Dr. John Duzik. She had met him some months before her runaway marriage—indeed, there had been some speculation at the time that she and Dr. John might marry. He was several years older than she, a dentist with an established practice in Hollywood, handsome and charming. Even more important, he had the priceless gift of sympathy. To him, June was able to talk out her tangled emotions in the months following her divorce.

John Duzik meant security to June, a cure for the terrible loneliness that comes in the wake of a broken marriage. He meant sunlit days on the golf course, quiet evenings of cards or talk, just the two of them alone or with some friends. He was, too, like June herself, a devout Catholic, and he understood her sense of guilt over the divorce. Understanding, he was able to take some of it away.



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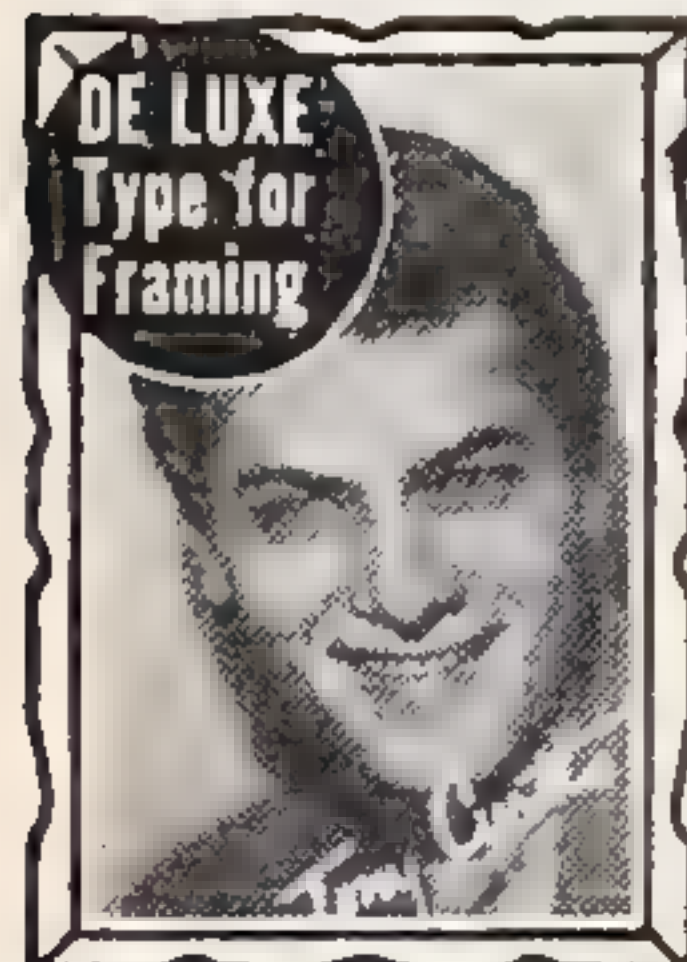
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The time came when John Duzik and June Haver could look forward to happiness together. She had petitioned the Church to declare her marriage invalid, and there was good reason to hope the petition would be approved. June knew—they both knew—that John was the man she should have married in the first place. "Perhaps we both just had to grow up to each other," John said quietly, understanding perfectly.

Then, in September of 1949, John entered St. John's hospital in Santa Monica to be operated on for ulcers. The surgery was successful—yet days went by and the doctors were unable to stop the bleeding. A second operation was undertaken. Still the bleeding continued. John Duzik suffered from hemophilia—a little-understood disease which prevents the blood from coagulating properly. He was, literally, bleeding to death.

For five weeks the doctors kept him alive. It was all they could do, and they did it only by repeated transfusions of blood. The hospital blood bank could not supply such an amount, and a call was sent out for donors. From June's home studio, 20th Century-Fox, came twenty pints in a single day. From Warners, where she was making a picture on loan at the time, came another twenty-five.

After John's second operation, when it was recognized how really serious his condition was, June collapsed and shooting was held up on her picture for four days. But the generosity of her fellow workers sent her flying back to the studio—to dance, to sing, to pretend gaiety when desolation was in her heart. Every afternoon, as soon as the day's shooting was finished, she hurried to the hospital, there to be with John, to pray, to hope, to wait.

Five weeks it lasted—five weeks of a constant vigil, of days of work and nights of prayer. At last, "Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" was completed with the shooting of a production number which would ordinarily have taken at least two days to get on film. The cast and crew worked from dawn to midnight to finish it in one day—because June asked them to. Because they all knew it was very near the end of John's life.

She drove straight from the studio to the hospital. They told her John was sleeping, and she slipped into the chapel, kneeling, whispering soundless words of supplication. At dawn, someone tapped her on the shoulder—a nun, saying, "You had better go upstairs."

He died twenty minutes later, with June there beside him.

She tried to go on, the little song-and-dance girl whose own life, it seemed then, would never hold another song. After a visit to John's family in Wyoming, she returned to Hollywood and her career. She made pictures, good ones. When a year had passed, yielding to the advice of her family and friends, she began going out socially. The gossip columnists made hopeful notes of each escort she was seen with—Kirk Douglas, Dan Dailey, Sy Bartlett. But she was never seen with the same man many times in a row.

She was, of course, looking for some meaning in her life. She could not find it in dates and parties, or even in work. But she did find it in prayer, in study of religious writings, and most of all, in service to others. In 1951 and 1952, it might have been worth noticing that whenever anyone had a problem, was sick or bereaved, June was there helping as much as she could. Always deeply religious, she turned more and more to the quiet joys of the Church. And in February of 1953, after two years of serious consideration, she announced that she was

retiring from Hollywood and entering a convent to study and prepare herself for holy vows.

It was a courageous decision, but a second and even more courageous decision lay in the future.

June left Hollywood. She entered St. Mary's Academy in Leavenworth, Kansas, as a novice in the Order of the Sisters of Charity. The life of a novice is a rigorous one—sixteen hours daily of study and prayer—and it proved too taxing for her health. Her faith, her longing to serve God did not falter, but her body did. The time came for that second, and more difficult decision, and June faced it in hours of prayer and meditation. At last, humbly, she accepted the realization that this was not the way God had chosen for her to follow. Months before it was time for her to make her first profession of vows, she left the Academy.

Back in Hollywood she tried to take up again the lost threads of her life—the life she had renounced in all sincerity. She knew there would be the scoffers, the doubters who would automatically discount her motives in entering the Academy in the first place. She knew that once having relinquished her high place on the Hollywood ladder of success, she would almost certainly have to start again on a lower rung. All this she was prepared to accept—yet she would have been less than human if in her own heart she hadn't felt serious doubts and fears, a sense of failure and an understandable apprehension about the future.

Old friends welcomed her home, and their unstressed pleasure helped. She went out on a few dates. Her business manager began negotiating with different studios for the right comeback role. Then, at a party at John Wayne's house, she met Fred MacMurray—and fate smiled on two very lonely people.

For seventeen years, Fred and Lillian MacMurray had been one of Hollywood's ideally happy couples. They'd fallen in love before Fred reached stardom, when he was a bit player in the Broadway musical "Roberta" and Lillian Lamont was a beautiful brunette chorus girl in the same show.

It was Lilly who encouraged Fred to take the screen test which brought him his first chance at Paramount, Lilly who sent him alone to Hollywood while she remained behind in New York in case something should go wrong and Fred's short-term contract would not be renewed. Of course it was renewed, and Lilly joined him on the coast, where in 1936 they were married. After that, Lilly never gave another thought to a career of her own.

Had they known it, their very honeymoon in Honolulu was shadowed by the sadness which was to come to Fred seventeen years later. Lilly caught a cold on the ocean voyage, but rather than spoil Fred's pleasure in the trip she kept going, refusing to pamper herself with a few days in bed. Neglected, the cold turned into influenza. Lilly returned to Hollywood pale and thin, and within a few weeks was down with a new attack of the flu, this time a serious one. She was laid up for months, and although she recovered, her health was delicate for the rest of her life.

Yet, it was a happy life. Not a whisper of scandal ever touched Fred and Lilly MacMurray. Their love was steady, serene, unchanging. When it appeared that they could not have children of their own, they adopted two—Susan first, then Robert—and loved them. They planned and built their own home on two acres in a quiet section of Hollywood. Their devotion was something of which Hollywood was justly proud.

But that devotion made Lilly's final long illness and her death doubly poignant. For Fred, when he lost her, there was nothing left except the two children they had both loved. He all but retired from public life, devoting himself to Susan and Bobby. Then, gradually, he came to the realization that grief must be buried inside oneself, that it was fair neither to the children nor himself to become a recluse. That was one reason he agreed to attend John Wayne's party—the other was that John was an old friend who needed, because of his own domestic troubles just then, the loyalty of all his friends.

So Fred and June met and were inevitably drawn to each other. Each knew instinctively what the other was seeking—companionship, understanding, sympathy, a chance not to forget the past but to reconcile it with the present. They saw each other again, and then frequently. They found that there was so much they seemed to divine about each other without the need of words—so many experiences they had shared, even though at the time of sharing them their lives had not touched. Together now, they were able to find the quiet laughter they both needed so much.

Their friendship had reached this point when an opportunity came for them to leave Hollywood, which held so many memories, and go together to new surroundings. A film festival was being held in Brazil, and both Fred and June were invited to join the party of Hollywood notables attending it. They accepted the invitations: June had flown once before to South America and was able to tell Fred firsthand of its beauty, its unusual gaiety.

And the trip was gay—so delightful that on the way home they found themselves unwilling to let it end. The plane was scheduled to stop in Panama, which neither had ever visited. It seemed so natural, so right to say, "Let's stop over and do some sight-seeing."

The decision was made on the spur of the moment—thoughtlessly. They forgot that their reasons for the stop-over might be misinterpreted, forgot even that for them there could not be the luxury of an unnoticed holiday, no matter how innocent.

While they remained in Panama, the great plane winged on to the United States, carrying with it the rumor that Fred MacMurray and June Haver had stopped in order to be married. Reporters, meeting the plane when it landed, noticed their absence from the party, asked for an

explanation, were given the rumor for an answer. It went into type, onto the air. In time, it was flashed back to Panama, interrupting the light-hearted holiday of the two people it concerned. Immediately, they caught the first available plane for home . . . and the denials which must be made.

So Fred held his children tightly in his arms and said, "You know I wouldn't do a thing like that without telling you first!" And June paced the living room of her home, ready to answer the telephone when it rang again.

But some of the hurt, at least, was lifted from Fred's heart when Susan turned to her brother and said with grave accusation, "You see? I told you Dad wouldn't do anything so silly."

Robert's eyes were troubled. "Well, I didn't think you really would either, Dad. But the papers said—"

He knew then that despite the mischance which had seemed like a deliberate betrayal of them he still retained his children's trust. He knew, too, that it meant more to him than anything else in the world, more even than personal happiness.

It was not quite a tragedy, that completely false rumor which invaded the privacy of two people desperately trying to find their way back to the warmth of human affection. But, in the words of a friend, "It's a darn shame it happened. The publicity is bound to make them both self-conscious—just when they were beginning to learn to enjoy themselves again."

Can they overcome the damage which idle gossip has wrought? Or will this experience draw them closer together, renew their efforts to handle their lives with as much dignity as possible—but with the honest conviction that two people have the right to find happiness in each other's company? No one can say with certainty—June and Fred perhaps least of all. But it is very much to be hoped that they can. If two people ever deserved the good things of life, they do—and together they could find them. The children who mean so much to Fred would certainly mean as much to June, were she to become his wife. She has always been passionately fond of children and longed for some of her own. The pace of their lives, their beliefs and ideals would fit extremely well.

It may happen. Fate smiled on them once. She may be kind and smile again.

THE END

(Fred MacMurray's currently in "The Caine Mutiny.")

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It Pays to Be Good

(Continued from page 55)

understand why some of the newcomers are making the same mistakes.

While Ava Gardner was going through two whirlwind marriages to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw, another girl of her generation was steadily climbing to star heights—that girl was Ann Blyth. Ann worked steadily at her job, cared for her mother with whom she lived, quietly dated the young swains who came to call. Just as quietly and demurely, as she matured into adulthood, she met and fell in love with Dr. Jim McNulty. There were no scenes played for the night-club set, no histrionics passionately revealing her love for the doctor. With dignity that befits a girl reaching maturity, Ann Blyth planned her wedding, worked out with the doctor the pattern of her life to be.

Contrast the picture of life which emerges from Ann Blyth's actions with those who are tops in the sensational group right now—and you see a lot of unhappy persons, whose every move is reported, many times in distorted and depressing ways, part of the payment for making mistakes. The public battles of Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman are doing neither of them any good. Rita Hayworth's tragically complex marriage to Dick Haymes is losing her any remaining shreds of public understanding—and may end by losing her her chance to resume her career, and, more importantly, to build a decent future for herself and her family. The dignity with which Gene Tierney handled her marriage to Oleg Cassini is lacking in her present international dates with Aly Khan. I would guess that the blush that must suffuse her face when she hears the gossip will also burn her heart in time.

Learning is growing up, and Jeanne Crain is the perfect example of a woman who used her head and was able to rectify an error. Jeanne's tranquil home life with Paul Brinkman and her four children has always brought forth excellent comment. Recently, Jeanne cut her hair, dyed it flaming red and sought bad-girl roles—all of which might have been excellent for her career, but when it called for slightly scandalous remarks being made, Jeanne switched back—but fast. Jeanne's a girl who's watched others of her generation gain a name, and that's certainly not what she wants out of life.

Grace Kelly, despite her dates around the Hollywood community, which have caused some rumors, comes from a family that frowns on scandal. Grace conducts herself, therefore, with quiet dignity.

Piper Laurie is a girl who has watched and learned by example. Her dates with Dick Contino were like those of any youngster in any community—gay, laughter-provoking, companionable. When she decided

against going steady, she didn't wear her heart on her sleeve, nor outrage sensibilities by dashing into the arms of every playboy in town. And Debbie Reynolds and her gang continue to be "just friends" with the fun of good, healthy relationships with neither headlines nor heartaches.

Elaine Stewart and Terry Moore are mature enough to handle their private affairs in private. Terry, in her good-natured effort to be co-operative, did lead a fairly mad pace with a series of dates in the night spots around Hollywood with men who were out to advance themselves rather than just friendly dates with a nice girl. This led to her name being linked with quite a few men. Just the other night she told me, "It'll frighten off the good men." And Terry, like every decent girl in town, wants a healthy, normal marriage with the right man. Elaine has, without benefit of public prints, been steadily building friendships with many men. Scott Brady helps her through the times when she's finding herself lonely for male companionship. Her romance with Curt Ray in St. Louis caused no fanfare because Elaine saw to it that there was no cause for idle gossip. His family accompanied them wherever they were. In Hollywood, Elaine has the same steady devotion to her career, to improving her status in her community that any girl has anywhere. As sexy as Ava Gardner, Elaine has learned from the mistake her glamour sister has made.

While the public may avidly read about the wild ones, sometimes the personal tragedy involved is almost overwhelming. When Marilyn Monroe discovered that the nude calendar pictures of her were being made into a Triple A Gossip Campaign, she was terrified. She asked her close friends for advice.

They asked the natural question. "Why did you ever pose for the picture in the first place?"

"I needed the money," said Marilyn.

"Tell that to the reporters," her advisers told her.

And she did, which turned the tide of unpleasant talk—at least to a degree. It still worries her, but the pleasantly normal trend of her life with Joe DiMaggio should soon sink the incident altogether.

The terrifying truth of the matter is that bad news travels the fastest and the farthest, that scandal is impossible to stop—once it starts to blaze. And the smartest stars are those who never let the fire get started.

It's only by such strong, warmhearted people as June Allyson and Dick Powell, Alan and Sue Ladd, William and Brenda Holden that the off-beat scareheads can be licked—and the lesson learned that **IT PAYS TO BE GOOD.**

THE END

CONTEST WINNERS

Decca albums of the music from "The Glenn Miller Story" have been sent to the two winners of Photoplay's contest in May for letters giving the best answers to the girl who asked June Allyson if she should marry a man 15 years older than she. Here are excerpts from the prize-winning letters:

... I think Miss Allyson gave this girl very sound advice. If she follows it, waits while she finishes college, she will be a lot happier in the future. If God means them

to be married, then He will see to it.

ANGELINE DE BOTTIS
Port Byron, New York

... No marriage is "made in heaven," and there is no assurance that any marriage, no matter what the circumstances, will surely be happy. This girl sounds as if she wants to make a go of it, and once she has finished school, if she still loves her Richard, she should certainly marry him and not let that ogre of "fifteen years older" stand in the way.

MRS. GEORGE H. HILL
Bevans, New Jersey

Happiness Is a State of Mind

(Continued from page 42)

I murmured as we went inside. I had come to do a piece on Jean and happiness. When I peeped into the dictionary to see what happiness included, I found such incidentals mentioned as: pleasure, success, prosperity, luck, living in concord.

I was out to learn whether a little girl born of a poor family in Golder's Green, London, twenty-five years ago, had acquired this state of mind along with fame and life with the man of her choice. If you expect the conventional picture of a young girl's dream of married bliss, then the Jean Simmons-Stewart Granger marriage is an upside-down cake. The traditional rose-covered cottage is missing, but what they have, they like better. There are no children running around the door, but there have been, and will be again. And you'll never find Jean Simmons with an apron, elbow-deep in soap suds—trance-deep in a book is the way she likes to be. For this marriage follows none of the established patterns. But then Jean is not the average young girl; her very adult mind draws her to mature people rather than to those her own age. For her, happiness would truly be a state of mind—completely different from anyone else's, or am I right?

Jean's "cottage" has a great main room with one entire wall of glass, and we paused before it to catch an eagle-eye view of mountains and ravines that fell steeply away from our feet. (The house is perched at the brim of the sheer cliff.) The room itself is an interesting mixture of sport and and the arts, a schizophrenic combination of big-time trophies, fine canvasses, Ming porcelains, Tang horses (the most magnificent specimens I've ever seen), Rodin and Jacob Epstein sculptures and Chinese stone figures of great antiquity. It might make a decorator wince, but the whole is stunning and very original.

"Jimmie decorated the house himself," Jean told me. "He was warned he couldn't combine such warring elements as these, but I think it came out very well, don't you?" The question was rhetorical—a courteous gesture—she didn't wait for a reply. "Do you wonder I never want to go out, that I'm content to stay up here all the time I'm not working?"

We came into a completely feminine domain as we stepped into Jean's bedroom; soft dove gray and primrose yellow with black and white hangings. Once again, it was Jimmie's taste. "I thought I would hate it," she said, "when Jimmie told me the colors he had selected. But when it was finished, I adored it." The walls were in a rough wood like the main room, painted a soft gray, and from the windows once again we saw that amazing sweep of view, the full circle from this mountain top.

We made the grand tour. Jimmie's room smacked of Africa again. Leopard skins were everywhere—on floor and chairs, and the terra-cotta corduroy hangings made a splendid setting for their barbaric beauty. "Jimmie shot them all on his safari," Jean explained.

The bar was a sportsman's dream of models, fish and tackle, gun racks, zebra skin everywhere and hundreds of tiny model heads of all the delicately beautiful creatures of the veldt spotted the walls.

"Jimmie wants to live in Africa," Jean said, as if reading my mind. "He wants a farm there."

"What about you?" I managed to ask.

"I wouldn't mind living in Africa. Of course I haven't been there, but from what Jimmie has told me I'd love it. He's dying to take me—not on safari, he says he'd be too nervous something might happen to me—but to see the country. He has

great passion for that country." And, when we finished admiring, "Shall we go back to the withdrawing room?" she asked, like a well-trained little schoolgirl.

Marriage has made Jean look less like a school girl than she did a year ago. Her Roman haircut, shorter than the average boy's, brings out an adult quality, completely sweeping away the immaturity that was formerly her characteristic. Her simple little black-and-white check dress, full-skirted and worn with flat-heeled shoes, was modern and in the sophisticated trend of the moment. The hazel eyes, heavily lashed, had a placid quality now, a contented quiet. We sat down opposite a Domergue portrait of Jean, which emphasized the change, the canvas was a round-faced child impatiently waiting to grow up.

"Are you happy?" I asked, "truly happy?"

"Oh yes, very . . . truly very, very happy."

"You have everything you want?"

She smiled confidently. "Jimmie and I love each other. We are both successful. We have this little world we have made together, and we have the world down there when we want it."

"But you've been separated so much during the three years you've been married."

"We have been separated a lot," she agreed. "But that is an inevitable part of our work; we make the best of it. I suppose we've been apart more than most couples. Jimmie was five months in England with 'Beau Brummell'—that was last Christmas. Before that, he was in Italy and North Africa for 'The Light Touch' with Pier Angeli. I've been on only one location trip with him, the one to Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, for 'The Wild North.' But it could have been worse; I've escaped locations almost entirely except for a few days in the Mojave for 'The Egyptian.' And mostly I've been working while he has been away. I was on 'A Bullet Is Waiting' the last time he left."

"But I hear he's off again for Colombia, Bogota."

"We have three days more together," she protested. "And while he's making 'Green Fire' I'll be on 'The Egyptian' and after that I go into 'Desiree' so it won't be too bad."

I wanted to know if she stayed in her remote house all alone when Jimmie was gone.

"I didn't want to move away," she said, "so my secretary came and lived here the last time. The hardest thing about Jimmie's absence, aside from missing him, is that I almost starve while he's gone. You see, Jimmie is the cook; I know nothing at all about preparing food."

Once again it was the topsy-turvy situation, with Jimmie the decorator and the cook and Jean the admiring bystander in the domestic arts.

"My hairdresser used to come up and make me a meal sometimes," she said.

"I hear you keep open house for the British colony. That helps kill the time, doesn't it?"

"Well, cocktail parties mostly, unless one of my guests happens to know something about cooking. This time it will be different; we have Rushton now. I won't have to worry about getting someone to make meals. Jimmie brought Rushton back from England the last time he was there. He'd been with Jimmie ten years over there, a combined chef, dresser—oh, a little of everything."

"Including a loyal and devoted watch dog when you're alone," I said, and she happily agreed.

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A jet plane cut off our conversation, turning the acre of heaven into a roaring, vibrating bedlam. "That," said Jean, "is our only intrusion. Fortunately it doesn't happen too often."

Jean's story is a strange idyll—a child of fourteen who fell in love with a mature man, married and the father of two children. Jean was playing in "Mr. Emmanuel" with Granger's first wife Elspeth March, when she first saw Granger in person. Jean played Elspeth's daughter; she was a wide-eyed sprout and terribly excited, because she was a Granger fan. She tells me he'd wave at her condescendingly when they encountered each other. Her success in England had been a fairy tale sort of thing. She was one of the kids shipped out of London during the bombings, and when she came back she and her sister Edna had plans to open a school for dancing. Jean even had the license to operate the school when motion-picture talent scouts spotted her and she was cast in some child roles. She got splendid notices, this fabulous urchin that Granger, the man, scarcely noticed. A few years later she played opposite him in "Adam and Evalyn." Jimmie had just been separated from his wife.

"It was the first time he noticed me as a woman," she said. "We were going together from that time on, but not engaged yet."

I recalled the time I first met her in London in 1945, the day she got the part of the slave girl in "Black Narcissus." She danced around the tea table with joy, then suddenly she was fearful that she might not be able to do it. The second time I saw her, Elizabeth Taylor brought her to my house when she came to Hollywood after "Blue Lagoon." That was in the fall of 1950. She was a bedazzled child with an autograph book in hand, collecting the signatures of the famous. "Tell me," I asked her, "were you engaged to Jimmie at that time?"

"No, we were going out together, but we weren't engaged."

"You were very wide-eyed and happy then, as I remember," I told her. "But nobody is happy all of the time—not all of your life—everyone has something to make them unhappy, everyone is miserable at some time or other."

"I was utterly miserable in my first two years here," Jean admitted. "First I was reluctant to return home because M-G-M had signed Jimmie to a contract. Then, when I got back to London, I learned that Arthur Rank and Gabriel Pascal had sold me to Howard Hughes in my absence. There was something slighting about selling me as if I were a piece of merchandise. Then I was brought back here for 'Androcles and the Lion.' But I was happy, too, because Jimmie and I were married in Tucson in December of 1950. And after 'Androcles' I was put into other things, but I was wretched in my work. There were law suits and I don't know what. I wanted to go to New York but didn't dare because I was afraid I'd be put on suspension by RKO if I went out of town and that would prolong a contract I wanted to get over with. But finally I was sold again and made 'A Bullet is Waiting,' which went very fast and is, I feel, a pretty good little picture. And now I'm in two things I like and everything is serene again."

Then we had luncheon, with Jimmie Granger tossing the splendid salad, which he served with just the correct chilled white wine. We talked of his coming trip, of his preoccupation with foods and the preparation of them, and he told of the differences in his and Jean's tastes:

"She hates caviar and I adore it," he said. "I like a baked potato stuffed with

caviar and she won't touch it. But she dotes on fish 'n' chips and she'd die for winkles—a sort of shell-fish they sell on the streets in England in little paper bags, much as you sell hot roasted peanuts here. You hook them out of the shell with a pin—a very low taste," he finished, with an indulgent grin.

The household animals moved in on us as we sat around the huge living room table, which is covered with tarpon hide and rimmed in ivy green leather, two toy poodles, Betty and Beau, mother and son, and two identical Siamese cats named Traybert.

"We have one name for the two of them," Jean explained, "since we can't tell one from the other. It's a combination of Spencer Tracy and Bert Allenberg, and they both answer to it. Jimmie is full of contradictions; he announced he'd never, never have a cat in his house, then sent me these. And when Betty had three puppies, they were apparently all given away. Then, weeks later, back came this little fellow with a note, 'I hope you haven't forgotten old Beau,' and he'd been housebroken and things. It was wonderful."

"He does thoughtful things like that. One of the unhappy things in my life was the fact that my father died before I made

years, and Stewart Granger and Michael Wilding have been pals for even longer. Jean spoke of Jimmie's children, who spent three months with them last summer.

"It was a delightful time," she said. "They're splendid children, naturally naughty at times but beautifully behaved in the main and very obedient. They loved it here. Lindsay is almost seven and Jamie is over eight. They met all the youngsters, but I think the Niven boys were their favorites. When the time came to go, they hated to leave, and yet, they were glad, too—a mixed-up emotion. That old pull of home and Mother is very strong."

There is both a difference in age and a difference in backgrounds between Jean and her Jimmie. He admits he was a spoiled brat—there was just himself and a sister. He had begun training for a medical life but abandoned it.

"I had an uncle who was a saint, a general practitioner," he said. "I'd seen the slavery of all that, so I wanted to be a specialist. But one day my father told me he couldn't afford to let me specialize, as it would take years and years before I was earning money."

"I got into the theatre in a strange sort of way. I cut my finger and went to a doctor; the doctor's wife was teaching acting. That's how it began. Ellen O'Malley talked me into it and got me a scholarship at the Webber-Douglas school of dramatic art."

"I was eight years in the theatre before I made my first film. I'd worked in various repertory theatres and at the Old Vic, and I'd played 'Rebecca' on the West End stage. Then I tore up a forty-pound-a-week contract with Basil Dean to play Lord Ivor Cream in 'Serena Blandish,' with Vivien Leigh, for a salary of three pounds a week. It was the best move I ever made. Now, Mike (Wilding) comes from a family of actors. His grandfather was a singer and an actor, but the two of us worked extra in films because someone told us it was a fine way to meet beautiful girls. Mike was really out to be an art director."

And we spoke of Vivien Leigh, her beauty, talent and the tragedy of her life. "Vivien was getting three pounds a week in England when she persuaded Laurence Olivier to accept the role in 'Wuthering Heights,' which he wasn't very eager to do. Vivien had made up her mind she was going to play Scarlett O'Hara and laid her plans well. It was priceless the way she put it over. She'd practiced the Southern accent until she had it to perfection, and then she maneuvered to meet David O. Selznick. She simply poured on that Deep South, and of course, Selznick immediately suggested she test for the role of Scarlett. Vivien told him precisely what scene she wanted to make and that she already knew it. The rest was history."

Then Jimmie left for a conference with Rushton in the stainless steel kitchen beyond a screen of tropical plants, and Jean and I were alone.

"I'll never forget Vivien Leigh," Jean said. "The last time she was here, she was such a tragic figure, ill and all. She took me off in a corner and we had a long talk about life in general. She said: 'If you're happy, don't give up anything because of a career.' I guess you might say I've made that my rule for living."

Winding down the perilous path from the Granger's house, I discovered I thought of Jean as a happy woman, with a calm, quiet capacity for enjoying the solitude forced upon her by separations from her husband, the music that fills her every waking hour, the fast friendships that she's formed in Hollywood. For her the words in the dictionary apply.

THE END



my success—he never knew. The only picture we had of him was one Mother had. Well, when Jimmie was in England this last time, he got the picture from Mother and had it copied for me. I'll fetch it." She came back with a photograph held to her heart. "Here he is."

"Isn't that a fine face?" said Granger.

It was a very fine face with a firm square jaw, balanced eyes, intelligence and a sane hold on life.

"He was a swimming champion, too, as well as a schoolteacher," Jean explained. "He represented Britain in the Olympic Games of 1912. I was just sixteen when he died."

When I commented that they had as many animals as Elizabeth and Mike Wilding, Jean said, "Not quite. They have four dogs and two cats, and the James Masons have, oh, I don't know how many cats and a dog, an Alsatian." The phone rang. "It's Liz," Jean told her husband. "They want to know if we're coming over for dinner tonight."

Jimmie said, "Say we'll let them know later on."

"But they want to know how much meat to take out of the deep freeze." So Granger nodded: "Okay, tell them we'll be over."

Liz and Jean have been fast friends for



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